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THINGS THAT HAPPENED

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Things That Happened

A Collection of Interesting Anecdotes

Compiled as Vol. I

OF THE

BOYS AND GIRLS FIRESIDE SERIES

By A. L. BYERS

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PREFACE

The Boys and Girls' Fireside Series is an arrangement, in permanent form, of many excellent and interesting narratives, trips and adventures, little sermons, Bible stories, descriptions of nature, various industries and foreign customs, bits of biography and history, missionary experiences, little poems, etc., that have appeared from time to time in the SHINING LIGHT, a periodical for children. Comparatively few who are now in the transitory period of childhood have ever read them, and it is believed that in this permanent form they will be preserved as a treasure-store of useful reading in which boys and girls will find both pleasure and profit.

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THINGS THAT HAPPENED

Killing a Coyote

A FEW years ago when my mother lived on a farm (or ranch, as it is called in Colorado), she raised a large number of turkeys. Each day these were driven out into the fields to eat the grasshoppers, which were very destructive to the crops. The turkeys were fond of grasshoppers.

When evening came, most of the flock would come slowly back to their night-quarters; but a few, usually a hen with her young ones, would loiter behind, designing to spend the night under a bush or a clump of grain. These strays had to be hunted up and driven home or they would never be seen again; for the coyotes, which abounded in the foot-hills a few miles away, would be sure to scent them and make a meal of them during the night.

Sometimes counting the turkeys was neglected until it was too dark to find those which had loitered in the field, and they never came back. This was a great loss, as a full-grown turkey was worth three dollars or more.

The turkey-quarters consisted of a high, net-wire fence, enclosing a number of trees, a shed, a tall rack, and some coops for the little ones. In the evening after the turkeys were all safely enclosed, my brother would securely fasten the door for the night.

One night he did not close the door until late, and he noticed there was some commotion inside. He soon discovered there was a large coyote trying to get one of the largest turkeys off the rack. Instead of taking a small one that was easier to get, he seemed to be hunting big game. My brother hastened to the house and told us there was a

coyote in the turkey-pen, and hurriedly got the gun. My sister and I lighted the lanterns and hurried out with him, to see Mr. Coyote receive his just reward. We were a little timid about being penned up in the turkey-park with such an animal, but as we did not want to miss a hunt when the game was so sure, we entered with our brother, who gave the coyote a good chase, shooting him five times. At last the coyote dropped, still looking vicious and infuriated. We found one fine, large turkey that he had gotten down and robbed of part of the feathers, and two small ones that he had killed, no doubt after being shut in. But we were glad to know he would never kill any more of them. —*Eva M. Wray.*

A Mid-Air Tragedy

IN THE early days a pioneer minister of Illinois was riding on his circuit, when he noticed a magnificent gray eagle taking its flight from a neighboring hill. It evidently had something in its talons, but what it was the spectator could not determine. An eagle in flight, its mighty wings slowly and victoriously beating the air, was a rare sight even in that early day. Stopping his horse, the minister watched the great bird with intense interest. Wheeling round and round, it at last reached a height where it appeared as a mere speck. Just as the watcher was about to resume his journey, he fancied the bird was about to descend. Soon it was evident that the distance between it and the earth was lessening, and that it was passing through a mighty struggle. It came nearer and nearer, until within one hundred feet of the ground its powerful wings relaxed and the bird fell to the earth a lifeless mass.

Eager to solve a mystery, the minister hastened to the fallen eagle. The cause of the mid-air tragedy was explained by the sight of a large blacksnake, which was unwinding itself from the neck of the eagle, and

preparing to crawl away. The eagle had evidently tried to carry away the snake to some secluded aerie, there to devour it at leisure; but the reptile, coiling himself around the neck of his captor, had strangled it in its flight. —*The S. S. Illustrator.*

Lost Her Way

I WAS brought up on a farm one and a half miles from town. When only a small child, I went one day with my brothers and sisters to school. I was not yet old enough to attend, but throughout the day I got along well and enjoyed myself.

That evening as we were going home, my sister that was three years older than I wanted to go ahead of the rest with a girl friend. I, of course, wanted to go with them, but Sister thought I should stay back with our elder sister. Then they ran ahead. I followed as fast as I could, but they were soon out of sight. Now, they did not know I was trying to follow, but supposed I was back with my elder sister. And my elder sister thought I had gone ahead with the girls. So neither of them was alarmed about me.

Between the schoolhouse and our home was a large stream of water, which in those days we crossed on a foot-log. When I came to the creek, I crossed over all right; but just beyond the creek the road divided, one fork leading to town and the other to our home over the hill. Being so young and not accustomed to going alone, I took the wrong road. I did not realize that I was lost. On and on I went. Finally a man on horseback met me and said, "Where are you going, little girl?" He thought I was quite small to be traveling alone, but as I spoke up bravely and said, "I am going home, sir," he passed on, thinking I knew the road.

Pretty soon I came to a lane where there was water clear across the road. I could go no farther, but could see the town from where I

was. I remember distinctly thinking that if I could just cross that water I should go to town and get me a pair of shoes. I did not have a penny with me, but, childlike, I never thought of that.

When I found that I could not cross over, I turned around and started back the way I had come. By this time I knew that I had taken the wrong road, but was not at all frightened. I said to myself, "If I do not find the right road, I'll go to a neighbor's and stay all night."

But in the meantime all the other children had reached home. When they discovered that I had not come with any of them, they became greatly alarmed and began a search at once. Through the woods and everywhere they hunted. Knowing I must have crossed the creek alone, they feared that I had fallen in and had been drowned. How sad they all felt! My father got some other men to help him, and they waded and dragged the creek, searching for me. But still I was not to be found.

By this time I had come to the road leading home, and had started up the hill. When I reached the top of the hill, I saw an older sister standing under a tree with her bonnet in her hand. She was very warm, as she had been running here and there searching for me and calling my name. Well do I remember how she looked and how glad she was to see me. After telling me to go on to the house, she ran down to the creek and told the men that I was safe. There was joy in our home that evening.

Dear boys and girls, when your little brothers or sisters are entrusted

to your care, do not neglect them. Your doing so might cause you much pain and grief if harm should befall them. Remember this lesson that my sisters learned that day.

As I trudged along the roadside that evening, wholly unconscious of my danger or of the anxiety I was causing others, I was an example of those lost in sin. They carelessly wander on and on, seemingly quite unconscious of the fact that the dear loving Savior is calling and pleading for them to come back to the right road and follow him. Reader, are *you* lost in sin? If so, why will you longer grieve the Savior's loving heart?

—*Eva Wright.*

A Thoughtless Deed

ONE SUMMER evening my father sent me with my eldest sister and brother after the cows that had strayed from their pasture into another man's field. The sun had been down for a good while, and the bright red in the western sky was fast fading into a dark gray.

We started out at a merry gait, talking freely of the beauties around us. We could hear the song of the cricket and the merry chorus of the frogs as we passed along. Frequently a whip-poor-will also joined in the night-song. How we enjoyed these things!

Presently a whip-poor-will flitted by us and lit on a fence-post a few feet ahead of us. We all stopped very still to hear it sing. Soon it began its sweet little song; but it had not been singing very long when my brother, a thoughtless, careless lad, picked up a small stone near his foot and said, "Look here, girls; see what a straight marksman I am." Then he threw the stone as swiftly and straight as he could at the little songster on the post. Ah! too true was his aim. We heard a little flutter and saw that brave little bird fall helpless to the ground.

My brother, seeing what he had done, ran quickly up to the stump and near his feet he found the lifeless little whip-poor-will. How ten-

derly he picked it up and stroked its soft, smooth feathers! "Poor little thing!" he murmured, "I didn't mean to harm you." But it was too late. He could not give back the life he had taken. We were all very much grieved, and with sad hearts we laid the lifeless form down by the roadside.

The remainder of our walk was not enjoyed so much as the first part. Everything seemed sad and dark. We did not care to laugh and play any more. That sad event made a lasting impression upon me, and since that time I have always tried to be kind to all God's little creatures.

A thoughtless word may, like the little stone, go straight in its course and wound or crush some heart. Our words, when they are said, are gone forever, and no matter how hard we may try to call them back, we can not do it. Therefore we should watch closely that what we say be just what would be pleasing to God. —*Alma F. Speirs.*

Loyalty to Home

A YOUNG girl attending a school some distance from her home was one day in her room surrounded by companions who were busy with embroidery and other fancy work. Some one asked for a needle, and the young hostess brought a needle-case. As she offered it, the one who had made the request glanced at it with a slight laugh and a perceptible lifting of eyebrows. It was an inartistic, old-fashioned, homely little needle-case; but its owner drew it back almost as if the look had been a blow, and smoothed it with caressing fingers as she said, "My mother made it."

Love, loyalty, and a touch of defiance were in the words. What did these gay girls know of the plain little home and the dear, old-fashioned mother whose toil-worn fingers had sewed the bits of ribbon together and shaped them into a gift for her girl? The daughter saw it all as

in a vision. These stylish young friends were good enough, but the old home and those it held were dearest treasures on earth, and no sneer should touch them or their ways in her presence. Word and action showed the fiber of the girl. Had she been weaker or less loving, she would have been ashamed of her little possession and the home conditions it represented; and if she had not disowned or apologized for it, she would at least have kept it carefully out of sight thereafter.

—*Selected.*

The Old Scotchman's Prayer

PRAYER is a simple but a real interchange between the child and the Father in heaven. The child asks, and the Father gives. Many books have been written on the Philosophy of Prayer, but not one has made it any clearer than our Lord's words recorded in Luke 11:9-13.

Many years ago an old Scotchman, poor, pious, and hard of hearing, lived where he seldom heard a sermon. Learning that religious meetings would be held for several days at a distant place, he journeyed toward it on foot.

On his way he fell in with a young man, and as he also was bound to the meetings, the two walked together. As they came near the meeting-place, it seemed good to them to halt behind a hedge and offer prayer. The old man, a child when he knelt before God, prayed:

"Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf, and I want a seat on the first bench, if ye can leave me have it, so that I can hear thy Word.

"And ye see that my toes are sticking through my shoes, and I don't think it is much to your credit to have your children's toes sticking through their shoes, and therefore I want you to get me a pair of new ones.

"And ye ken I have nae siller, and I want to stay during the meeting, and therefore I want you to get me a place to stay."

The young man, shocked at the old man's familiar way of praying, gently suggested that it was hardly the proper thing to approach the Almighty as a child would a father.

"He's *my* father," replied the old man, not accepting the suggestion of irreverence; "I'm weel acquainted with him, and he's weel acquainted with me; therefore I take great liberties with him."

When they arrived at the large tent in which the services were held, it was full. For a few minutes the aged man stood in the rear of the congregation, making an ear-trumpet of his hand to catch the preacher's words.

His strained attitude of attention at last attracted the notice of some one near the pulpit. The old saint was beckoned forward and given a seat on the front bench.

During the prayer the old man knelt. The reverential posture attracted a lady's attention. She saw his worn-out shoes.

"Are those your best shoes?" she asked, when he had resumed his seat.

"Yes, but I expect my Father to get me a new pair, very soon."

"Come to me after the meeting, and I'll give you a new pair."

At the close of the service she conducted him to her house and gave him a pair of shoes.

"Will you stay through the meeting?" she inquired.

"I would, but I'm a stranger in the place, and have nae siller."

"You are welcome to make my house your home as long as you care to remain."

The young man learned of his aged friend's good fortune. And he learned more—that even a child's earnest, simple, direct requests are not irreverent when made to the Father in heaven.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Toby

TOBY was a pet monkey. During our stay at the seaside we visited him daily. Toby was in a cage all by himself, but he was never lonely. He was so amusing and looked so much like a little old man that the children—and grown people, too—loved to see his funny, wrinkled face and to hear his chatter.

Some of the people fed him and were always kind to him. Others pushed sticks between the bars of his cage; this made him very cross.

One day a lad, bolder than the others, poked his smoked eye-glasses through the wires. In a moment Toby grabbed them. Then there was such a chatter—one would think Toby was saying, "Ah! I fooled you this time." The boy ran off, crying and calling at the top of his voice, "Oh, come, pa! come quick; the monkey's got my glasses!" Just then Toby set the whole crowd laughing by placing the glasses over his eyes and peering through them. As the glasses were smoked ones, he could not see clearly, and, thinking they were dirty, he put them under his mouth, wet them all over, and dried them on his knee. Then he again put them on his eyes, only to find them worse than ever. Just here he spied the boy coming back with a stick in his hand, and still crying. Jabber! jabber! jabber! went the monkey as he smashed the glasses to pieces; and, throwing them into the sawdust at the bottom of his cage, he began eating peanuts, as much at ease as if he had never seen a crying boy or broken glasses in all his life.

Another day, when we brought the children over to pay their daily visit to Toby, the keeper brought to the cage a dear little rabbit—or bunny, as the children call it. "Here, Toby," said he, "I have been up to the house, and before you have dinner, you may play with your baby." Then he opened the door and handed Toby the bunny. I wish you could have heard the chattering of that monkey as he hugged and danced that bunny! He would cradle it in his arms, not with the soft

cooing with which your mother hushes you to sleep, but with a loud jabber! jabber! jabber! Then he would keep quiet for a minute while he gazed around at the crowd. Suddenly he would jump up and throw the baby to the top of the cage.

Then the keeper came to take it away. When Toby saw him coming, he hid the bunny behind his back. "Hand me the baby," said the keeper. "Jabber! jabber!" said the monkey, holding out one empty hand. "Show me the other," said the man. In a second the bunny was changed, and Toby held out the other hand, which was now empty. Here the keeper became angry. "Toby," he said in a severe voice, "show me your two hands." But jabber and chatter was all Toby did. The keeper could not make him hold out both hands. "I have had enough of this fooling," he said, going off to get a whip.

No sooner was his back turned than Toby jumped to the bottom of his cage, dug a hole in the sawdust, and buried the bunny clean out of sight. "Get me that baby this minute or you'll wish you had," said the angry keeper, opening the door and showing Toby the whip. Then Toby very quickly dug up his "baby," and handed it to the keeper.

"Oh! he has killed it, the poor bunny!" cried several of the children who were looking on, almost in tears.

"No, no," answered the keeper.

And then they learned, to their surprize, that the rabbit was only a stuffed one. —*Exchange.*

The Chick's Mission

NOT long ago a pretty white hen's egg was placed in an incubator. In that warm place the egg passed through a wonderful change, and in three weeks instead of the white and the yolk there was a living, breathing creature—a little white chicken. As it emerged from the shell, weak, wet, and ugly, it seemed to have little chance of living; but it soon dried, revived, and looked pretty.

Being the only white chick in the hatch, it attracted the special attention of its owner. She noticed that it was nearly always the last one to be caught in the evening to be "put to bed." She sometimes wondered what would become of the chick when it became a grown chicken, and whether it would be a hen or a rooster.

As the days passed by, several of the chick's little mates sickened and died; but it grew stronger and larger until it became the liveliest member of the flock. But, alas! one day it met a sad fate. While it was picking up crumbs about the doorstep, a rattlesnake bit it on the leg, and, though efforts were made to save its life, it soon died.

When bitten, it cried out in fear and pain. Its peculiar and unusual cry attracted the attention of the owner, and she called to her husband and asked him to find out what had hurt the little chicken. Looking out of the door, he saw the venomous reptile lying partly under the step. He immediately began planning how to kill it. He had his wife bring the garden hoe. Then he moved the step while she tried to strike the snake with the hoe. Being much excited, she missed the rattler, and it ran under a box. So the man took the hoe, and he soon cut the dangerous creature into pieces.

When the woman saw that the snake was dead, she cried for joy. She was happy, not merely because the poor chick's destroyer had been dispatched, but because her precious little girl, who was in the habit

of playing around the step, had not been bitten. "It might have been our baby," sobbed the mother. While she was sorry that her favorite little chicken had come to such an untimely death, she was glad that it, and not her darling child, had been bitten. Had it not been for the little white chicken, the rattler would perhaps have bitten the baby girl, for she would soon have been playing around the doorstep. So, to save the baby from the snake seems to have been the chick's mission.

So much for the story of the chick, the snake, and the baby. Now let me tell you another story. Long years ago the whole human family was at the mercy of a hideous monster. None could escape him. All were in bondage to him. He made them do many things that they would rather not have done. They longed for freedom, but there was none to deliver. Even the angels could not deliver them.

God saw the sad condition of mankind, and he pitied them. Finally he sent his Son to deliver them from the bondage of the great monster. The Son also loved and pitied the people, and he gladly left his heavenly home and came to earth to conquer their enemy and to give them liberty. In order to accomplish his mission he had to suffer and die, but he willingly gave his life that others might live and enjoy freedom. He made a way whereby all might escape the bondage of the monster.

This hideous monster was sin, and the deliverer was Jesus. Many today are in bondage to this terrible creature. In India, in China, in Africa, and in other countries, are millions who have never heard of the Deliverer. They do not know that they might be free. Even in our own country are many who do not know that they might enjoy freedom from sin's bondage.

Since Jesus has delivered us, should not we, out of gratitude, tell others so that they too may enjoy liberty? Not all of us can go to foreign lands to tell the story to the heathen, and not all of us can preach the gospel to our countrymen, but all of us can tell the good news, and

also prove it true by living holy lives. And since Jesus gave his life for us, should not we be willing to give ours in order to save others? We may not, like him, be called upon to give our lives in the sense of dying, but we should give them in the sense of serving and sacrificing.

To save the baby from the snake was the chick's mission. To conquer sin and to free people from its power was Jesus' mission. To tell others the glad tidings and to help them whenever and however we can is our mission. —*John W. Lowder.*

The Eagle at Niagara

AN EAGLE was seen on a cake of ice floating in the river above Niagara Falls, feeding on a dead lamb. A sleet was falling at the time, freezing as it fell. The unconscious eagle, intent upon its meal, surveyed the scene, obviously aware of approaching danger, yet nothing daunted, expecting to escape the threatening flood by flight. The ice was borne into the current, it neared the rapids and then the falls. The eagle crouched to mount into the air, but its feathers were congealed into fetters. The harmless mist had frozen into bands of ice while the eagle was feeding in security. The ice neared the brink; the awful moment came; with frantic fright the huge bird strove to force the pinions, but it was bound, and with a piercing shriek of agonizing terror, it plunged into the merciless abyss.

This perilous picture will never be forgotten, neither the thought, what if the coming of the Lord should find me occupied in earthly things, unprepared to meet the Bridegroom of my soul.—*Selected.*

An Indian's Reverence For His Mother

SOME years ago there lived in the Territory of Utah, as it was then, a happy Indian family. This family consisted of father, mother, and several children, among whom were two sturdy little boys. Situated

on the western slope of the Rockies, they were surrounded by numerous ranges of mountains, beautiful forests, clear, glistening lakes, and swift, gushing streams. The forests were inhabited by many kinds of game, both large and small, and the streams and lakes teemed with fish of many different kinds; so these little boys had that which makes the hearts of all Indians rejoice—plenty of hunting and fishing. Theirs seemed to be a happy and peaceful life.

But one day all their happiness and pleasures were turned into sorrow and gloom. While they were out shooting, one of them accidentally shot and killed his dear mother.

The saying, "A boy's best friend is his mother," applies as well to an Indian mother and son as it does to a white mother and son.

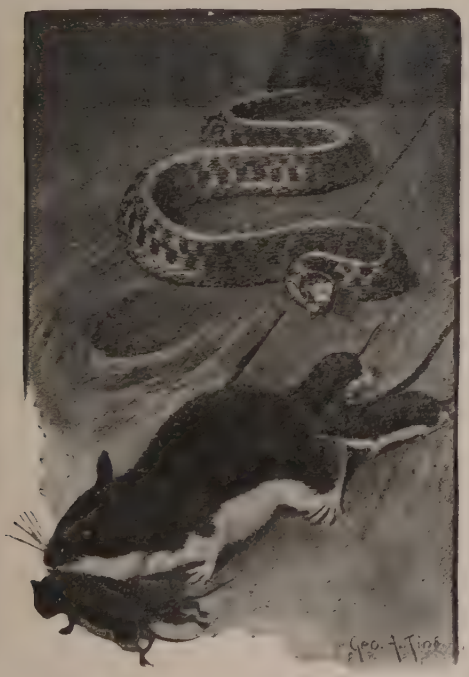
This poor boy could not be comforted. A self-imposed penalty among that tribe of Indians is that if any one kills his mother, even though accidentally, he must do penance for the awful deed by lying out thirty snows (thirty years) on the ground. This Indian boy began doing his penance at once. He lay down on the bare ground in a desert place, and nothing could induce him to forsake the foolish custom. His faithful brother carried his meals to him day by day, and built a rude shelter over him to protect him from the scorching rays of the sun by summer and the driving rain and the snow-storms of winter.

The poor Indian had done twenty-five years of his penance, when an acquaintance of ours visited the place, took a photograph of him and his brother sitting near by, and learned the sad story of his life. His brother said that ofttimes when he took him breakfast in the winter, he found the poor fellow's hair frozen to the ground, so that it had to be cut loose.

How sad that this unfortunate Indian could not have heard of the Savior, whose love and saving grace give deliverance from all such superstition, and would have given him comfort and consolation in the

great loss of his mother! Yet boys who have civilized parents and Christian training can learn a good lesson from the great reverence and love this poor Indian boy had for his mother. I know of many bright, intellectual boys who are unruly and ungrateful, and are breaking their poor mothers' hearts by their disobedience and ingratitude. Oh, how much greater is their crime than that of the Indian boy who accidentally killed his mother! and how great would be their punishment, should death overtake them with these sins unrepented of!

Let us sincerely hope that all who read this story will profit by this poor Indian's reverence for his mother, and love, respect, and obey their dear mothers. They should appreciate the better moral and gospel privileges which they enjoy, and cease to trample on the hearts of their mothers, who never cease to pray for them, and never tire of doing them good.



—*Eva M. Wray.*

Moving on Short Notice

WHILE I was lying on the floor of an old country log house one summer day, near a big, open fireplace, I heard a peculiar, frightened squeak. I rose to see what looked like a huge mouse, moving at a rapid walk across the room.

When I got a closer look, I saw that it was a mother mouse moving her whole family. At least, I hope there was none left behind; for very soon a small snake, but one large enough to put into a panic the mother

of four less than half-grown children, came through the empty fireplace, and after the little fugitive.

The mother mouse had two little mice in her mouth, and fastened to each side of her were the other two, apparently holding on with their mouths and for "dear life."

I killed the snake, and watched the moving family disappear through a hole in the corner.

I do not know whether they returned after a while, or whether the father mouse put up a "To Let" sign and joined them in a foreign country; but I do know that I saved a happy family. —*Exchange.*

Mother Bear and Cubs

SPEAKING of law and the enforcement of discipline in Yellowstone Park, I heard the story of a bear there which I consider exceedingly important, not only as a comment on the discipline of the park, but as a moral lesson in domestic obedience. The story is literally true, and, if it were not, I should not repeat it, for it would have no value.

Mr. Kipling says, "The law of the jungle is—obey." This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone Park. There is a lunch-station at the Upper Basin, near Old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenuous man. He got acquainted, last year, with a she bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well-behaved, and would take food from his hand (without taking the hand).

One day toward sunset the bear came to the kitchen, and, having received her portion, she went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs. To her surprize, the cubs were there waiting for her. She laid

down the food and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. "She did not cuff them; she spanked them," and then she drove them back into the woods, cuffing and knocking them at every step. When she reached the spot where she had told them to wait, she left them there and returned to the house; and here she stayed in the kitchen for two whole hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience.

This explanation is very natural. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. The mother knew that the safety of the cubs and her own peace of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family. Oh, that we had more such mothers in the United States! —*Harper's Magazine.*

Guard-Duty on the Prairie

DUMB animals often have traits that are next to human. In many instances the instinct of animals serves as their best means of protection.

An interesting incident of this kind is related by a traveler in Texas.

A cow upon the open plains was surrounded by about a dozen calves. It seemed so strange that a cow should be upon the plains alone with so many calves, that the traveler asked his driver what it meant.

The driver, being a resident of that country and an old cow-man, said:

"The cow is doing guard-duty to that bunch of calves while their mothers are away after water. In this country the water-holes are far apart and the grass is thin. In order to get sufficient feed, cattle must graze over a wide extent of range, and calves are often born several miles distant from the water. The mother cow needs a drink long

before her calf is old enough to travel with her to the nearest water-hole. So she must leave her young behind while she goes after water.

"Wolves are so numerous that the calf can not safely be left alone. These animals will attack and kill calves several weeks old, if they are left unguarded. So, by some sort of understanding, one of the mother cows is left to guard a whole bunch of calves while the other cows go for water. When the others return, she will leave her own calf in their charge and go for her daily drink. On succeeding days the other mother cows will take their turn at doing guard-duty.

"Several years ago," the cow-man went on, "I rode up to a bunch of calves like this one. As I came up I noticed the cow make a dash at some animal in the tall grass. I could not make out what it was at first, but it proved to be a large gray wolf trying to get one of the young calves.

"The cow rushed at the wolf several times and almost gored him. After several narrow escapes the wolf ran for a shallow hole near by, with the cow close upon him.

"The hole was not deep enough to let the wolf get entirely out of sight, so the cow stood there watching him, and at every attempt to escape she was ready for him.

"I sat there on my horse for nearly an hour watching the siege. Then I rode up and killed the wolf with my revolver. As soon as the cow saw that her enemy was dead, she turned away and went to grazing as unconcernedly as if nothing out of the ordinary had taken place."

—Wm. A. Bixler.

Kindness Returned

FRED was a railroad-agent at a station high up on a mountainside. One evening while sitting near the fire in deep study, he was startled by a sound outside. "I wonder if that can be somebody,"

thought he. "Surely not; for this is the third day of this terrible blizzard, and with the nearest station twenty miles away, who could come here, unless—but I pray I shall be spared any more accidents this winter.

"There it is again," and on opening the door Fred was much astonished to see a half-starved, shivering dog standing before him. "You poor old fellow! come in," he said in answer to the pleading

eyes that searched his face. With a broom he swept off the blanket of partly frozen snow from the dog's back, and then hastened to bring a basin of cold water, for he noticed that one front foot was hanging limp and helpless.

"You've come just in time to save that foot, doggie. A little more and it would have been frozen past hope. Shelter and food will make you a fine dog, I judge, and I am very glad to have your company."

Any doubt as to the dog's gratitude was dispelled in the days that followed; for Jack, as Fred called him, insisted on following his master everywhere.

During the long, cold, winter days Jack was Fred's only companion, save for a section-hand that dropped in now and then.

"Jack," said Fred one day, "we shall not have much longer to stay at this lonely post. Here is a letter that says I'm to be transferred to the valley. It will be a welcomed change, for the one track through this division has been a constant worry. Now, what should I do if that delayed east-bound train should come in just as the west-bound express—" Just then a whistle sent Fred running to the switch. In his haste to side-track Number 3 so as to clear the track for the express, he did not hear the east express that even then was looming in sight. But Jack, all alert, seemed to understand, and seizing the signal-flag between his teeth, he ran down the track toward the onrushing train.

"How did you know the track was not cleared?" cried Fred, as he rushed up to the express engineer.

"How did I know? It was old Jack here who told me. As I rounded the curve yonder, what should I see but Jack tearing down the track toward me with the danger-flag in his mouth. That's a dog worth having, boy. Jack, you've saved many lives today," and the old engineer patted the dog's curly head, then climbed into his cabin.

Jack never understood why Fred dropped on his knees beside him, threw his arms around his neck, and whispered, "Thank God for the day you wandered to my door!"

Every act of kindness we show has a blessing in it for us, and Jack, though only a dog, never forgot the kindness shown him, and more than repaid Fred for all the help he received that wintry night when he was so much in need of a friend. —*Frances B. Tallen.*

The Experience of a Cat

SMALL boys who visit Washington to see the sights of the beautiful city, generally visit the Smithsonian Institute with their parents. This place contains many wonderful curiosities, and days can be profitably spent in studying them.

In one part of the Institute there stands upon a pedestal the stuffed

figure of a cat. This cat had a remarkable experience. One morning, while the Washington Monument was being constructed and was already over four hundred feet in the air, the cat made its appearance at the base. Before the workmen arrived, it crawled to the top, and when they came, it was perched upon a plank calmly enjoying the scenery.

When a workman finally came near it, the cat leaped into the air and began a rapid descent to the ground. As it fell it spread out its legs, making a sort of parachute of them, which checked its speed.

Instead of being killed (as all the workmen thought it would be) when it struck the ground, it slowly turned around, and then trotted away apparently unharmed.

Just then a dog saw the kitty that had made so gallant a leap, and, before the workmen could interfere, rushed in and killed it. However, its body was rescued and thought worthy of perpetuation in the great Institute. —*Selected.*

How James Showed True Heroism

JAMES was a real hero. He was not a soldier nor a marine life-saver; he was just an elevator-boy.

James lived in a large city in Michigan. His parents being poor, he found it necessary to work to support himself. So he secured a position as elevator-boy with a business house, and for some time he worked faithfully at his task, never thinking that his position was really one of responsibility.

One morning James entered the elevator as usual. His employer, scarcely noticing the lad, went about his duties, leaving James to do likewise. The day was very hot. It had not rained for weeks, and every inch of exposed wood was very dry. Hence the building in which James worked was a ready victim for the flames that were started that morning in some unaccountable manner.

The fire-escapes were taxed to their utmost capacity, yet they were not sufficient to accommodate the out-going people. James was ordered to operate the elevator as rapidly as he could with safety. Up and down the shaft the elevator fairly flew, and many were thus carried beyond the reach of the fire.

Now the smoke filled the elevator-shaft until poor James' eyes smarted, and he could scarcely see to operate the lever. Men shouted

to him to abandon further effort to rescue others and to save himself. But unheeding their cries, he proceeded up to the top floors for another and still another load of those whose lives depended upon his faithfulness. Now he realized his responsibility. At last he noticed that the flames had penetrated the walls and were filling the shaft. Knowing then that he had done all he could to save others, he quickly made his escape from the burning building. Thus, this thrilling incident afforded James the opportunity to show forth his heroic qualities.

Jesus needs true heroes in his service. Although the people in general do not regard Christians as heroes, yet I believe that He who knows our battles and temptations regards our every effort to defend and stand by the right as a mark of true heroism. To stand one's ground faithfully and live a life beyond reproach is a task requiring much grace and courage. Jesus "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." And he is the hero whom we should strive to imitate. —*Netta L. Owen.*

Fifteen Years Without a Birthday

THERE is a young man in Washington, now in his twentieth year, who, according to an exchange, celebrated his first birthday in 1912. It is strange that a youth should arrive at his sixteenth year and never have had, since the time of his birth, a natal day to celebrate.

He was born on the twenty-ninth of February, 1896. Of course he could not have another birthday until another leap-year rolled round—which would bring him to his fourth year in 1900. But it will be remembered that, according to the Gregorian calendar, in use throughout most of the civilized world, the last year of every century skips the leap-year day, so that there was no twenty-ninth of February in 1900. Hence the young man was cheated out of that first birthday.

In 1904, the next year in which he could rightfully claim a birthday,

he was in Russia with his father until the twenty-fifth of February, according to the Russian calendar, on which day they left that country for home. But on arriving in Paris two days later, the boy found the calendars marked the fifth of March instead of the twenty-seventh of February, due to the fact that the Russian calendar is several days behind the Gregorian. Thus he had to swallow his disappointment a second time, and look forward to his first birthday in 1908.

Early in 1908 his father, who is an army officer, was ordered to the Philippines, and sailed with his family from San Francisco to Manila about the middle of February in that year. As is well known, there is a point, or rather a meridian line, in the Pacific Ocean which marks the one hundred and eighty degrees of longitude, where all vessels bound toward the setting sun have to drop a day from their calendar; and it so happened that the steamer conveying this birthdayless boy crossed this line on the twenty-eighth of February, and the captain had to drop out the twenty-ninth.

Thus the youth had to wait until he was sixteen years old to celebrate his first birthday. You may be sure that there was a mighty celebration in his home in honor of the event.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Screech-Owl's Misfortune

THE screech-owl usually builds his home in a knot-hole or hollow tree. He, like other owls, can see best at night.

Some of these little friends live near the large building where the writer lives, and often come to the barn to catch mice and sparrows. In the evening they sometimes sit in a tree near my window and pour forth their doleful, quavery tones. Occasionally one will fly in at the window and stay a while, but he would rather be in the dark with his owl friends than in a lighted room.

One night a poor little owl made a mistake. He went in at the top of the rain-spout, which is about forty-four feet deep, and as it was too small to fly out of, the poor fellow went to the bottom. Fortunately, a friend who passed by heard his scratching in the pipe and rescued him. The owl was wet, cold, and nearly dead. He must have been there a long time. He was brought to me, and after bathing him to remove the coal-soot, I took him to my room and left him on a chair-back near the radiator to dry his feathers. In a short time he was warmed and lively.

When I tried to pet him, he made a wierd noise, and snapped his beak a few times; but learning that I would not hurt him, he became more quiet. Some little girls came to see him, and he would sit on their hands and heads, prick his ears, and roll his eyes at them as if he were surprized to see them.

We perched him upon a chair-back and took his picture, and then we let him go back to the barn to catch some mice for his supper. Doubtless he was hungry after having been shut up in such a dark, deep prison.

—*Alpha E. Miller.*

How a Crippled Boy Served His Country

THE story of a fifteen-year-old New England boy who lived in Revolutionary times impressed me deeply. His father and brothers had gone to war, but he, being a cripple, could not go. After they had gone, the little boy sat down and wept; for he felt that there was scarcely any use for him in the world, since he could not be a soldier.

While he was sitting there, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Soon he saw three men on horseback ride up to the blacksmith shop across the street. It was closed, for the blacksmith had gone to war.

One of the horsemen inquired if there was any one there who could set a shoe. The boy hobbled across the road and said that he thought he could do it, as he had often tended the fire for the blacksmith and had watched him shoe many a horse. While the boy was at work, a fourth horseman rode up and said that his horse could not go five miles farther unshod. The boy did the best that he could to shoe the horse. When he had finished, he said, "It isn't done very well, but I've done my best." The rider told him it was done very well, and that without the shoes the horse would have been useless.

He rode rapidly away, but one of the men waited, and said to the boy: "You have served your country today as well as any ten men could have served it. The rider of that horse is Colonel Warner."

The Colonel reached the battlefield just in time to save the Americans from defeat. The boy had done what he could, and although it was a little thing, yet it helped to win a great victory. So he had a part in gaining American independence.

When I read this, I thought it a good illustration of how we may have a part in the battle of the Lord against sin. We may not be called to the battle's front, but there is surely something for each to do. We can, by our prayers and means, support those who are at the front—God's ministers, missionaries, and workers. Then we shall each have

a part in the victories won for the Lord. It is useless to sit down and weep or to fold our hands because we can not do some great thing; if we do the little things our hands find to do, God accepts our service. If we are not able to give a great amount, we should not withhold the little that we can give.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Eccl. 9:10). —*N. Pearl Lewis.*

Joe and the Guinea

JOE was just a common-looking yellow dog whose home was away out on the Kansas prairie; but because of a way he had of learning many tricks and of doing many unexpected things, everybody liked him. Once while he was looking up at a hawk and running very hard and barking wildly, he ran against a barrel in the yard and almost broke his neck. Another time he was trying to stand upon his hind feet and became overbalanced and went stumbling along much as a person would who was about to fall. "He is dancing! He is dancing!" the children cried, and always after that he would stand up and do the same way if he was asked.

Many funny things he did, but the funniest of all was his trouble with a guinea. This guinea was the only one on the farm, and his being lonely made him the nuisance that he was. He worried the chickens and would even fight with the turkeys, and was always making a loud, vexing noise. He was kept because his terrible screams would drive away hawks.

Joe came to hate him so that he would growl and snap at him sometimes. One day while Joe was sleeping in a comfortable bed he had scratched in the cool earth on the north of the house, the guinea came near him and uttered one of those screams. It startled Joe so much

that he was upon his feet before he knew it, and after the tormenter he went. At first the guinea was not alarmed, but flew along ahead of him a little way from the ground. But when he saw that Joe meant vengeance, he flew on top of the barn.

This barn was not very large. On the south side the eaves were perhaps twelve feet high, but on the north side the roof sloped almost to the ground. The guinea sat on the very top of the barn, feeling perfectly safe. But Joe was determined to have vengeance; so he jumped upon the roof on the north side and climbed up after the guinea. Oh, how it frightened the bird! He screamed and flew straight south, lighting out in the corral. Joe was too excited to think of anything but killing that guinea; so he jumped off the barn on the high side. He could not do so well as a cat; he lit all in a heap and rolled over a time or two, but he was still able to run. The guinea was really frightened now, for he had never seen a dog go over a barn before.

This time he flew right over the horse-tank, which was twelve feet across and three feet deep. Joe almost had hold of him, but as Joe could not fly like the guinea, he got a big wetting in that horse-tank.

How angry he was now! – as angry as if some one had thrown water on him. But by the time he was out of the water, the guinea had made his escape and sat defiantly upon the comb of the house. There he sat a long while, but Joe did not forget his grudge. He kept watch, and when at last the guinea flew over the barnyard, Joe too was there and cornered him in the barn. Some one ran to rescue the bird and was not a moment too soon, for his tail-feathers were all gone, and most of the feathers from his back, and Joe was still punishing him. That seemed to satisfy Joe, and he did not molest the guinea again.

—*Mabel Hale.*

Katie's Sacrifice

KATIE was a little girl who lived in Australia. She had two little sisters, and often her mother would send her out with the children to gather wood.

One day they went out later than usual. Before they realized it, the sun had gone down, and it began to grow very dark. The little children were very tired, and Katie could not carry both of them. More than that, she did not know the way home, for she had gone farther than usual.

The air was becoming cool, and she hardly knew what to do. But she sought a large rock where she could find shelter for the children, and collected some seaweeds and heaped them about the children to keep out the cold night air. Then she took off her own jacket and covered them. Though she herself was cold, yet she was not thinking so much about herself, but thought only of the needs of her little sisters. Soon the children were fast asleep, and Katie kept watch over them until she became numb with the cold.

The mother became alarmed by their failure to return home, and sent out friends in search of them. When they found the children, little Katie was stiff and cold, but her little sisters were comfortably sleeping, having been sheltered by the seaweeds and Katie's jacket.

This is a beautiful story of a sister's love, and we can get a good lesson from it. Katie loved her little sisters so much that she was willing to sacrifice her own life for them.

Do you know of some one who sacrificed his life for us? It was Jesus, who died on the cross that you and I might be saved. Since Jesus did this for us, will we not give him our hearts and serve him faithfully each day of our lives? We can prove our love by giving a life of faithful service.

—Cora I. Weber.

How Margaret Was Rescued

CARRIE and Margaret were playmates and spent many happy hours together. Carrie was the oldest of a large family of children, and it was her duty to care for her father's sheep.

One evening she took two of her little sisters and Margaret with her to help get the sheep into their yard for the night. It was in the fall of the year, when twilight and darkness come early. As the sheep had gone a long distance from home, it was dark long before the children reached them.

As Margaret was afraid to be gone from home so late, she turned and started for home. Carrie took the smallest child on her back, the other by the hand, and went as fast as she could for the sheep, whose bells she could hear in the distance.

Soon she had them all together and on the way home, but suddenly they ran off on a by-road through mud and water. Poor Carrie could not run fast enough to head them off and get them back on the right road; so all she could do was to follow them, trusting that they would at last lead her home. She had driven the sheep home many times, and they had never acted in this way before, and she did not know what to make of it. She felt, however, that the Lord would work it out all right in some way.

Soon she heard some one crying piteously. She stopped and listened. It was her little friend Margaret, who had fallen into a pit from which some men had been digging marl.

Carrie knelt down and looked into the pit. She could just discern Margaret's form away down in the pit, which was about twelve feet deep with five feet of water in the bottom. She and Margaret tried to plan a way in which Margaret could be gotten out. Carrie offered to go for help, but Margaret was afraid to be left there very long, as the ledge on which she was standing was crumbling beneath her feet.

Soon Carrie thought of a way. Taking off her apron and a shawl that had been cut in two to form a three-cornered piece, she tied them together, thus making a rope of them. This she tied to her sister and bade her lie down on the ground, and then slowly descended on this rope into the pit where she could see a ledge to stand on. Then telling her sister to untie the rope, she passed the other end down to Margaret, who was still below her. She bade Margaret wind it tightly about her hands, and then drew her up beside her. The little ones were not strong enough to draw Carrie and Margaret out of the pit; so they knew they must stay there until help came.

They told the little ones to call loudly for help, but they were afraid and would not. Margaret was afraid also and would do nothing but cry. Carrie called as loudly as she could, but as she was down so far in the pit the sound did not travel very far.

At last they heard some one walking, and to their joy it proved to be Margaret's father, who had started that way to Carrie's home to look for his little daughter. Hearing their call, he had stopped to see what the trouble was. Carrie threw one end of her rope to him and tied the other end to Margaret, and her father drew her out. Then the rope was passed down again to Carrie, and she also was drawn out. How glad they were to be out of that awful place!

As Margaret was very wet, her father took her home at once to her mother. Carrie wakened up her little sisters, who had cried themselves to sleep, and, looking around, she found the sheep lying down on the hillside, as if they were waiting for her. She started them all out, and they took the right road and led her safely home.

The next morning Margaret's father went to see the pit his little girl had fallen into and found that the ledge on which she had stood had all crumbled away. Margaret had dug holes in the sides of the pit with her hands until her fingernails were all broken, trying to crawl

out of the pit. In falling into the water she had put out her hands and felt the ledge, which was just above the water's edge, and she had drawn herself up on it.

Carrie is now a very old lady, and she says no one could make her believe that it was not the dear Lord who made the sheep go the wrong way so Margaret could be rescued. —*Emma Krenz.*

Squire

SQUIRE was a tiny little striped ground-squirrel that Jake found one day. You wonder where? Well, Jake was plowing early in the spring and plowed the little fellow out of his winter bed. He put him into his pocket and brought him to the house. He made a neat box, partitioned into two parts, for the squirrel's home. One side had about three inches of fresh earth in it, and over part of the earth a narrow board was placed down flat. On the other side of the partition were kept water and food, also some bits of cloth and straw for the squirrel's use as he saw fit. Over the top of the box was fitted a covering of screen wire.

Soon Squire was at home and felt very safe, even if a cat stood and watched him with hungry eyes. Before many days he knew us all and was as playful as a kitten. He liked us all except Dave, our big brother, whom he would bite every chance he got. He loved to be petted and fondled and would lap our fingers with his soft little tongue and make a queer little purring sound.

We enjoyed best to note his habits. He never arose until nearly

eleven o'clock in the morning, but was often busy housekeeping yet when we went to bed. He was a great house-cleaner; almost every day he brought out all his bedding and often moved his bed from one corner of his house to another. As a rule, it was under the board I spoke of. He would dig a hole in the earth, carefully line it with the straw and cloth, then go in and somehow manage to close the hole so one could not tell where he was. When the earth or bedding became old, he told us in unmistakable ways that he was displeased. One day he tried to stuff my apron into his mouth and carry it in, but it was too much for him.

He was often allowed to run about the house, and sometimes he had funny experiences. One day as he was standing on his hind legs on the edge of the swill-pail, he slipped and dipped his tail into the greasy water. And oh, how sad he was! He went direct to his bed, and we saw him no more until his tail was washed and dry. He was very proud of that tail.

All summer he furnished us amusement. But in the fall we missed him, and where he went we never knew. He was gone all winter long, but in the spring he came walking into the house one day, thin, weak, and hungry, but as friendly as ever. On the floor sat little Sister, a tiny baby girl just able to sit alone. He soon made friends with her, and every day they played together. He never allowed the little hands to catch him, yet he was always by her. And such a favorite as he was with all the family! But one day, Deacon, the cat, caught him, and that was his end. —*Mabel A. Hale.*

The Snake and the Toad

HOW many of you have ever seen a snake eat a toad? One time a snake lived in a hole in our house. "'In our house!' do you say?" When I tell you what kind of house it was, then you will not be surprized.

We lived in a new country then, and people there did not have much money. The ground was all covered with grass, for nothing had been planted yet, so we had nothing to sell with which to get money. Some men took the plow and plowed up the grass. Then they cut this sod into squares and placed them on top of each other. When the house was completed, they called it a sod house. It was in this kind of wall that the snake lived.

We children were afraid of the snake, but every time any of us went outdoors it would run into its hole before we could kill it, and we could not dig in the wall after it, for that would have ruined our house.

One day my brother got a toad and placed it in the yard close to the hole; then he hid inside the door. Pretty soon the snake saw the toad, and came crawling out to eat it. The little toad seemed helpless, but just as the snake got it in his mouth my brother sprang out and killed the snake. How glad we were!

Sometimes Satan sets baits to get us to do things we would not do if we knew they were wrong. Then he hides and watches to see us fall into his traps. Jesus says, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

—Oma D. Plunkett.

Keep Away From the Well

AROUND the house where Earl and Linnie lived were nice, shady trees, and on two sides was the large old orchard with its bent and gnarled apple-trees. Beyond the orchard were the meadows where the children went to gather violets and other beautiful flowers. Still beyond the meadows were the woods, where early in the spring they went with their father to the sugar-camp. So the children had many pleasant places to play.

Earl was ten years old, and Linnie was only five. Earl was very proud that his mother should trust him to take little Sister with him to play in the fields and orchard. But time and again the mother said to them as they went out to play, "Now, be sure to keep away from the well; you might fall in!"

One day as they were at play in the farther end of the garden, Earl began to wish he could go to the well. He had been there with Father many times and had never fallen in; and was he not big enough to take care of Linnie? So he unfastened the gate, and, leading the little girl by the hand, he disobeyed Mother by going to the forbidden place. Earl had not intended to go very near the well; but after a while he crept cautiously up and peeped over the top of the curbing. And as Linnie came up beside him, he put his arm around her, and together they looked at the mossy stones and watched the reflection of their faces in the water. They were very much interested, and leaned over farther and farther, when all at once – they never knew how – Linnie lost her balance and went over and down, down into the dark water.

Earl's cries soon brought his father and the hired men, who were

working in a field near by. When they learned what had happened, the father got into a large bucket, and the men let him down. Linnie was just rising for the last time. Reaching down his strong arms, her father took her out of the water, and they were both soon drawn up. The little girl was cold and white, and Earl thought she was dead. But after they had worked over her some time, she opened her blue eyes and finally began to breathe. Then they carried her into the house to Mother, who had been busy getting supper and knew nothing of what had happened.

Earl's joy knew no bounds when his little sister could sit up and talk with him once more. He was so sorry for what he had done that his father thought he had been punished enough; and they all were so thankful to have their little girl back that no one said much to him about his fault. But he learned a lesson that day which he never forgot. And he always says that he, as well as his sister, fell into a well that day, although his was not a well of water. Do any of you know what kind of well it was?

—Grace Hutcheson.

The Mother Hen and the Hawk

MARY was sitting on the board fence between the yard and the barn-lot, and wishing that something interesting would happen. Near by an old hen with a brood of half-grown chickens was scratching for food, but Mary scarcely looked at her. There was nothing very interesting about a hen. Then suddenly a sound, quick and shrill, pierced the silence. Mary jumped and looked around her. Yes, it came from the placid old hen, who had stopped scratching and stood with an eye turned upward. Straightway every little chicken ran under some burdock-plants by the fence. Mary watched closely. In a few minutes the old hen's "cluck, cluck" called them out again, and for a few minutes they picked around contentedly. Then once more the

sudden call sent them scurrying to cover. The old hen ran toward the fence on which Mary was sitting and hid in the weeds.

Somewhat frightened herself, Mary looked up and saw a hawk flying into a tree near by. For a little while everything was quiet. Then the hen came out and called her chicks around her again, keeping an eye, meanwhile, turned toward the sky. But the danger was not passed. Suddenly, a shadow swooped down over Mary's head, and there came a bloodcurdling sound from the old hen, quick, commanding, wild with alarm; then not a chick to be seen!

Mary gazed in fright and wonder. What had become of those chickens? On a bare spot near the hitching-post she saw what she thought were some small stones, and she wondered where they had been the day before, when she and her brother had looked vainly for a few small rocks with which to crack nuts. Then she thought she noticed the slightest movement of one of the stones. Looking more closely, she saw that those chicks were lying flattened out on the ground, with wings spread out, looking like stones, or "playing dead."

Mary gazed, fascinated, for what seemed a long time, but probably only a few minutes. Then the hen from under the burdock-leaves gave a low call, and every stone (?) took to its legs and ran to her. She kept them perfectly still. Not a leaf moved. Mary nearly fell off the fence waiting for them to come out.

Finally, the hen came out and began to cackle. Then the old rooster down in the yard began to crow, and stalked up, followed by a dozen

or more hens, all cackling in great excitement. They cackled till the neighbor's chickens took up the refrain.

Mary hastily counted the little chickens. Not one was gone. Mother love and wisdom had saved them all—or was it their obedience?

—*Exchange.*

Entertaining a Stranger

ONE time I heard an old lady tell an incident of her life, which I think will be interesting to you.

She was a widow, and lived alone. One day after working hard for one of her age, she was tired and lay down for a nap.

After a while she heard a rap, and saw a gentleman, a stranger in appearance, standing at the open doorway. She kindly acknowledged his presence, and they talked together. In answer to his inquiries, she told him about her children and of her husband's death—how happily he had passed away and so on.

After spending some time in conversation, thinking that perhaps the stranger had been without his noonday meal, she invited him to partake of what food she could present. He accepted the offer.

Presently, she said, "Sir, you are a stranger to me, but I am always ready to show kindness to those who are in need. I have children out in the world, and I think if I am kind to others, and care for them, God will care for mine, if they should be in need."

At this, the stranger burst into tears, and, no longer concealing his identity, he put his arms around her neck, and said, "Mother, don't you know your own boy?"

At first she could hardly believe it, and then she said, "Why, Joe, why didn't you tell me?"

Do you not suppose she was glad then that she had been kind to

him? Suppose she had spoken crossly and had sent him on to the next neighbor's, how ashamed she would have been, and how she would have regretted her unkindness to her own boy!

Learn a lesson, dear children, and always show courtesy to every one, strangers included. Of course, it would not be best for you to open the door and let a stranger into the house if your parents were gone. You should be very careful about that, but learn to be mannerly and show respect even to strangers. Never make fun of them, but be willing to care for them, if need be. Some people are not willing to wait on strangers. It is too much trouble for them. But the Bible says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" (Heb. 13:2). —*Joyce B. Meyers.*

Pete, a Brave Elephant

HERE is a story about a brave old elephant in far-away Ceylon, India. An English sergeant, with his wife and little daughter, Fannie, was stationed there, and the little girl became great friends with old Pete, the leader of a band of elephants employed around the Smiths' new home. But one morning the little maid found herself in awful danger, as she stood dreaming on an old bridge, watching the great water-lilies open, not very far from home, but still too far from any helper. This is what happened:

All at once a low, ominous rumble attracted her attention. The noise rapidly grew louder and louder; there was the sound of flying, gigantic hoofs, and the mighty roar of elephants burst like a flood of terror upon the morning air. The child suddenly realized that there was a stampede of elephants, and that the herd was coming directly toward the bridge to cross the river. Nothing, in that event, could save her. There was no time for flight, and besides, if she could cross the bridge, there was for some distance only a narrow path, with steep

banks on either side, which led down to the deep gorge below. She could not open her lips to scream; she was powerless to move. And of what use? for who could come to her rescue in time to save her? No human being, in truth.

She could now see the elephants dashing wildly forward, almost upon the bridge, a mighty, terrible host, and in that awful moment she closed her blue eyes to shut out the fearful sight and to meet death with as little knowledge as possible. Then, in a moment's flash, she felt herself swung high in the air by an elephant's trunk, and flung over his back, while the great creature galloped on at the head of the maddened herd. She could feel the mighty strides of the elephant beneath her, as the elephants thundered over the bridge with their deafening roar. She did not open her eyes; she scarcely drew her breath again until she felt herself put gently down upon the grass, and found herself safe within the precincts of her own home.

Beside her stood Pete, her own beloved Pete, who, with his small, twinkling eyes and his great heart, had perceived his little friend's danger, and, without a second's loss of time, had rushed to her rescue.

—*Selected.*

A Christmas Surprize

MR. BROWN was an honest Christian man whom misfortune and sorrow had robbed of his dear wife and, through her sickness and death, of all he possessed. He was left penniless with two children, a girl of ten and a boy of eight years. Unable to obtain work in the town where they lived, he went to a place where all were strangers, but where he could have employment. He rented a little house, but had no money to buy furniture. It would be hard, but Ethel and Joe were brave little people; so the three of them did the best they could with

the little they could afford. Every night they prayed to the Lord to supply their need, and each day they were fed.

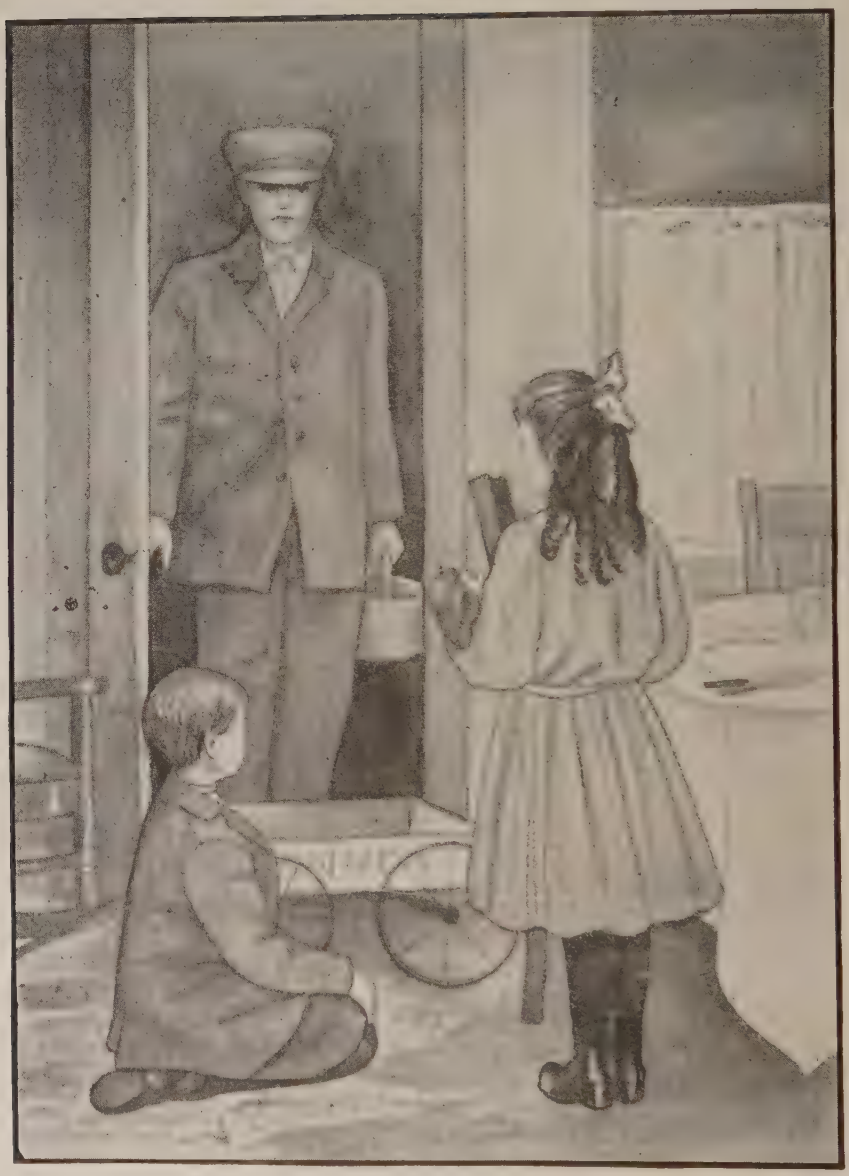
Mr. Brown soon obtained work, and prospects were brighter until one day there was an accident in the factory and he was so seriously hurt that he could not work.

No one knew their distress, but they again looked up to their heavenly Father. They were not beggars, and could not bear the idea of asking the neighbors to help. It was only a few weeks till Christmas, and he knew that before then the little bit he had saved would be gone. Winter was coming on, and the only heat in the house was from a little oil-stove on which they cooked their food, and they did not have enough bedding to keep themselves warm. In the daytime the children were at school, but mornings and evenings the house was so cold for them.

But in their distress they covenanted together, the three of them, to tell their troubles only to Jesus.

A while before Christmas Mr. Brown took Joe on his knee and said: "Son, I have only a little money, just enough to buy you shoes—and see how much you need them! If I buy them, I can not get any Christmas presents for either you or Sister. What shall I do? Can you children be contented with no Christmas this year?" Ethel was close by and heard all, and she and Joe agreed to do without a present that he might have shoes.

The Sunday before Christmas a kind woman invited them to her home for dinner. They were glad to go, for their house was cold. They enjoyed the warmth and the good, wholesome food in this home, and seemed happy and contented. The lady asked kindly, "What are you children expecting for Christmas?" Ethel was silent, but little Joe answered innocently, "We are not expecting anything. Papa had only money enough to buy my shoes, so we won't get a present this year." She asked what he really wanted, and he answered, "Ethel wanted a doll that had real hair and that would go to sleep and I



wanted a little wagon so bad, but we won't get them this year." The lady saw by Ethel's face that she did not enjoy the conversation, and little Joe also remembered, for he said: "Oh, I promised not to tell these things, but I forgot. We were going to tell only Jesus."

The next day this woman and another went early to the Brown home. Mr. Brown, having thought himself able to seek work again, was gone, but the children were there and made the visitors welcome. The two women soon took in the situation. A pallet on the floor for a bed, a small oil-stove the only means of heat, boxes for chairs, and a very few dishes and a pan or two—that was all.

Before they left, Ethel said, "We want to show you our Christmas tree," and threw open the door to an unused room. There in one corner was a limb from a tree tied upright and decorated with bright bits of paper and cloth, and fastened upon it were a few Sunday-school cards and some trifles made at school. "We could not have presents this year, so Joe and I made a tree that it might seem a little like Christmas tomorrow," Ethel explained. The children were so delighted with their success that they did not notice that something in the women's eyes made them unable to see the tree distinctly. The women left with their minds made up to have a regular Christmas surprize there; and soon every one in the congregation was notified of the plans, and all were willing to help.

That night Mr. Brown came home after dark with a little money earned that day. As he approached the house, he saw a cheerful light in it and blinds on the windows. He opened the door and saw, not the bare home he had left, but a bright fire in a real stove, a table covered with a cloth and set with plenty of dishes, and a steaming supper on it, chairs about the table, blinds and curtains on the windows, a rocker, bedsteads, and plenty of good warm bedding, and even a carpet on the floor.

Joe and Ethel were wild with delight. "Papa, it is all ours! The

Lord did hear. It is our Christmas surprize." The father sank into a chair and then to his knees, a child on each side of him, and earnestly poured out his heart in gratitude to God for all these comforts, but most of all for the dear people of God who had so befriended him.

Ethel offered special thanksgiving for a beautiful new doll, and Joe for a new wagon. The next day there was to be an all-day meeting, and three happy folks went from the Brown home, but they did not seem one bit happier than the rest of that congregation. —*Mabel Hale.*

A Happy Christmas

SEVERAL years ago I knew a family who had become rather poor. They had known better times, but what I am going to tell you happened when their circumstances were not so pleasant.

There were seven children in this family, but the eldest was away from home, so there were just six at home. It took all the father could earn to provide the food and clothes that were absolutely necessary for his family, so there was none left to buy the things children always want at Christmas time.

Yes, it was winter, and nearly Christmas too. They had always had presents and candy and such things at Christmas; but this year—alas! they could not hope for them. Most of all, the Jones children wanted a turkey, and Grace, aged six, and Harry, aged three, each wanted a doll.

Now, the mother was a good Christian woman, and she taught her children to pray. So these children asked God to give them the things they wanted for Christmas. They especially prayed for a turkey, and Grace and Harry each asked for a doll.

Were their prayers answered? Even several days before Christmas the Lord began to answer them. First, a lady sent some oranges and candy. Then the day before Christmas they received a notice from

the freight-station that a box was there for them. As they had not ordered anything, they wondered what it could be. The father brought it home, and eagerly the family watched while he opened it. And what do you suppose it contained? A nice dressed turkey, some red apples, hickory-nuts, chestnuts, beef, pork, wheat, dress goods, and some smaller things. How the children rejoiced, and the mother too! for there was the turkey they had prayed for, and many more things besides.

But that was not all. On Christmas day each member of the family received presents, and the father and mother were given some money, too. Grace and Harry, to their great joy, received the dolls they wanted. A wealthy lady gave two of the boys each a pair of gum boots. A day or so later she sent toys, nuts, and candy. Another lady sent cake, cookies, nuts, and candy.

So this family had a merry Christmas, but they did not forget that it was given them through the goodness of God. Even the littlest ones thanked God for their gifts. That evening as they knelt in family prayer, little Grace said, "Lord, I thank you for the nice doll."

—*Gertrude M. Hendricks.*

A Dog's Faithfulness

THERE are but few of us who do not know of some incident revealing the trueness and faithfulness of the dog. The story that I here relate came directly under my observation.

Years ago a family living on a ranch in South Dakota owned a shepherd dog named Ring. The dog had lived with this family from the time he was a pup, and he had become the household pet. He had learned to drive the hawks away from the chickens and to chase away ground-squirrels, prairie-dogs, skunks, badgers, minks, weasels, foxes, and wolves.

He was a constant companion of the smaller boys, who spent much time herding the cattle upon the plains, for in those early days the pastures upon the wide prairies were not fenced, and the abundant growth of grass made cattle-raising one of the common industries.

Ring was a home-loving dog, and when not coaxed away by some of the folks, he would always be about the homestead watching. The lady of the house often expressed her appreciation of his companionship.

Ring seemed to have a special hatred of the coyotes, perhaps because they lurked so often about the chicken-house trying to capture the young fowls for an appetizing meal. One day he started after one of these sly animals and chased it over the hills toward the creek which lay just beyond. Evidently there were more coyotes out of sight of the farmhouse, and no doubt it was a bitter fight that ensued. At any rate, when Ring returned he was badly wounded, and never afterward could he be induced to chase a coyote more than a short distance.

The family lived on the same farm for six years, during which time Ring occupied his regular place, seeming almost as one of the family. But when they made arrangements to move to another State, they thought it best not to take the dog, for he was getting old. So they decided to give him to a neighbor that lived alone. They thought Ring would soon feel at home with his new master.

The morning of the family's departure came, and Ring accompanied them to the train. The children could not refrain from tears when he looked them in the eyes and wagged his tail. They remembered his faithfulness and felt sorry to part with a friend who had been so true.

Ring, being accustomed to having children for his companions and some one always about the home, was not satisfied with his new home, although his new master was very kind to him and fed him well. He became lonely and soon found his way back to the old home, and although the house was vacant, he lay on the front door-step.

Neighbors passing by, knowing that the faithful animal must be hungry, tried to coax him home with them to feed him, but to no avail. There he lay, keeping guard as he had done for years before. He would often raise his head, point his nose toward the sky, and wail piteously; but he could not be prevailed upon to leave his post.

Ring's new master, missing his dog, decided to hunt for him, and he found him lying upon the door-step of the old home. It was with great difficulty that the dog was persuaded to leave the old place. He

was well fed and given an extra good place to sleep, but the next morning he was again found upon the door-step of his old home. After considerable coaxing he again accompanied his new master home, but as soon as he received food, he was off again for the door-step.

Days grew into weeks and months; still the faithful dog awaited

the return of his old master and friends, and it was the common talk of the neighborhood that the dog was an example of patience and faithfulness. For nearly a year he was seen almost constantly upon the door-step, leaving only long enough to get a little food, then returning to his vigil. Finally he pined away and died—died at his post. No wonder the adage "faithful as a dog" is often heard.

The photograph shown here is of a dog that loved his master and was his constant companion until death separated them. The dog stayed by the grave and cried piteously many days.

No other animal, it is stated, shows such expression of pleasure or grief as the dog, and few other animals equal the dog in intelligence. Hundreds of instances could be cited where the dog has been taught to do rescue-work, by which almost countless lives have been saved from death on the battle-field, in the desert, and in the snow.

Let us be kind to our faithful friends. —*Wm. A. Bixler.*

About Quails

FUZZY little things they were, halfway between bumblebees and new-hatched chickens in size and three times as lively as either. They were as like as three peas in a pod, but no doubt the mother quail knew them apart and had little bird names for each, perhaps. Almost as soon as they were hatched, they began to scramble out of the nest and run about the pen. They were not born out in the open woods, like their many quail cousins, but on a State game-farm where they could be watched and tended just like chickens. The pen seemed big to them for they knew nothing of the world outside.

Very happy were they, hunting all day long in the green grass and finding tiny bugs and worms, which tasted just as good to them as candy does to boys and girls. They soon learned to run quickly when their mother called, for she could find more bugs than any of them and the

first one to reach her generally got the bug. When the sun sank low in the west the mother quail called them all to her, and they settled down under the warm feathers of her breast. One baby quail was not quite ready to stop playing and kept sticking his head out from under her wing to see what was going on outside. But before dark all were quiet, for chasing bugs is hard work and makes young quails very sleepy. All night long the mother bird sat there, hardly moving a feather while her babies slept.

Three happy days passed for the mother quail and her babies, and then came a terrible night when the babies were awakened by sharp cries from the mother and felt the chill night air on their backs. She was gone, and they could hear her fluttering out in the dark somewhere, although they could not see her at all. Close crouched in the nest they waited and shivered until the flutterings grew fainter and fainter and then stopped altogether. Even in summer nights it is cold for baby quails, and so they shivered until the sun came up. Then they saw their mother, lying with rumpled feathers close to the fence where she had been dragged by a hungry weasel. She was dead, but they did not know it and kept playing around her and wondering why she did not get up and hunt bugs for them.

Then came the father bird. The babies did not know him so well; for it had always been the mother who hunted bugs for them and kept them warm at night. At first they did not understand him as well, but they found that he was a good bug-chaser and soon began to follow him about. When sundown came he called them to him and settled down for the night over them, just as though he had done it always. Snug and pleasant it was beneath his warm breast; bright and early did he lead them out for their bug breakfast and for a new day of happiness.

Perhaps for a little time they saw a difference and missed their mother; but if they are warm and comfortable and have plenty to eat, little birds soon forget. After a few days they were well content to

follow their father about, and they grew very fast and very strong in the warm summer days. A week, two weeks, three weeks, he cared for them night and day. The fuzzy down of their baby days changed to scraggly feathers, and in time these changed to trim brown and gray like their father's, their mother's, or any of their cousins', aunts' and uncles'. Then they were ready to take care of themselves. Don't you think that the father bird must have been very proud of them? And was he not a smart bird to bring up such a fine family all by himself?

—Our Dumb Animals.

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One time when I was visiting at a home in the country, I was delighted one morning to see a little quail walking around with a flock of turkeys. I was told that it came to the house with the turkeys from the woods in the fall and had been with them ever since. Sometimes it would roost on the turkeys' backs and sometimes under their wings. When the turkeys were fed, it would come up close to the feet of the one who fed them and eat without fear.

One night while I was there it rained, and the rain froze, making a thick coat of ice on the trees, fences and ground. The turkeys oosted out in the storm that night, and in he morning they were covered with ice; but the little quail had taken refuge under the old gobbler's wing and escaped the storm.

It is a mystery how the quail happened to make friends with the turkeys, for quails are very timid and do not make friends readily with other fowls. The farmer thought that the egg from which the quail was hatched was laid in the turkey's nest and hatched out with the little turkeys, and that the quail grew up with them. If this is true, I suppose it thinks it is a turkey, if it thinks at all.

Several years ago I went out to hang up some clothes to dry, and I heard something crying like little turkeys. As we had no turkeys, I could not think what it was, but I decided to find out. I began searching in the tall blue grass and presently found a flock of baby quails. They were not much larger than my thumb. I caught one, but it was so frightened that I soon let it go.

I found that the mother bird had hatched her babes in the corner of the yard, and when they saw me coming they hid in the grass. But the little ones had not learned to keep quiet, but ran from one tuft of grass to another and kept up their pitiful cries. They can run very fast as soon as they are hatched. —*Nora Hunter.*

Caroline's Prayers Heard

ONE time a little motherless Caroline was very hungry, and as there was nothing in the house to eat, she knelt down to ask the Lord to send her something. While she was still praying and crying, there was a knock at the door. She rose, wiped her eyes, and went to the door. There stood a little girl who had been sent by her mamma to tell Caroline that if she would go to a certain neighbor's house some distance away she would be given some food.

When little Caroline reached the place, she was given a quantity of potatoes, onions, and cabbage, also a large loaf of bread. "Now," thought she, "if I only had some lard and salt, what a good meal I could cook!" So as she walked along, she asked the Lord to supply these articles also. Soon she met a little girl who said, "We have been making sausage, and if you like you may have the soup that the sausage was cooked in to cook your vegetables in." So Caroline joyfully ran to get a pail in which to carry the soup, and by the time she reached home she had all she had asked the Lord for.

At one time Caroline had such sore eyes that she could scarcely

see; so she was sent to a large city so that a physician there might operate on them. She did not want to go and begged not to be sent, but they said she must go. As they traveled along, she remembered having read in the Bible that Jesus healed people and opened the eyes of the blind. She began to pray and call upon God, and instantly her eyes were healed. She told those who were with her that she could see. Upon reaching the city she was taken to the hospital and examined by the physician, who said he could find nothing the matter with her eyes. After three days she was allowed to go back home again without having an operation.

How happy this little girl then was to think that Jesus had answered her prayers! No one had ever taught her to trust the Lord for healing, but she loved to read in the Bible, and believed that Jesus would do as he has promised.

Caroline is now a young woman and has children of her own, whom she teaches to love and serve God, for she has never forgotten how God answered her prayers.

One winter Caroline's husband, like many other men at that time, was out of work for a long time, and it costs so much to live in the city that it was hard for Caroline and her family. The day before Thanksgiving, Caroline sat reading about God's having answered prayer for some one else, and while reading she thought of the chicken, turkey, goose, or duck that some people would have for dinner the next day, and wondered what she should have. She just sighed and told the Lord she would be satisfied with only a pound of soup-meat.

In a short time there was a knock at the door, and, opening the door, she saw a boy with some things which he said his mother had sent. Caroline thought he must have made a mistake and told him so, but he said he was sure they were intended for her. There was a whole ham, a chicken, potatoes, apples, oranges, cranberries—in fact, all she needed for a good dinner. The Lord knew just what she needed, and

it seemed that he sent her many things because she was willing to get along with a very little. She had not asked but only sighed, and the Lord heard it. You know he tells us in his Word that "it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isa. 65:24). —*Emma Krenz.*

Saving a Bug's Life

A LITTLE girl, seven years old, was walking to school one morning. She had to go about a quarter of a mile on the railroad-track. When she came to the crossroad where she was to get off, she saw a pretty little bug sitting on the rail. She also saw the fast train coming, but she stood still right on the track, waving her handkerchief for the train to stop to save the little bug's life. The engineer blew the whistle for her to get off, but there she stood like a little hero till the train stopped and the conductor jumped off and asked her why she had stopped the train.

"I saw such a pretty little bug sitting on the rail," she said, "and I did not want it killed. But it is not there now; it flew away."

This happened in sight of my home. Now, this little girl's mind was all taken up in saving the life of the bug. She never thought of the danger her own life was in. My little boys and girls, there are many things besides pretty bugs to attract your attention and take up your mind so that you will forget that your soul, which is of great value, is in danger of being lost if you are not saved from sin. Oh, how we need to watch and pray! —*Mother Smith.*

The Little Janitor

A FEW years ago there was a boy who had the care of a schoolhouse. It was a country school, and the teacher had hired him to do the janitor work. It was his place to go very early in the morning and build the fire in the stove, which was in the middle of the room; for he was to have the house warm, the floor swept, and everything in order by school-time. The boy was only a small lad, and sometimes he met with many difficulties in his work.

One cold winter morning when he came to the schoolhouse and placed the key in the door, the lock refused to act. He could not turn the key. After trying it several times and failing, he went to the windows and tried them, but all were fastened. The air was frosty and biting cold. His hands and feet began to tingle on account of the frosty cold air.

After trying and trying over and over again without success, he was almost discouraged. He thought of the children who would soon be there and find no fire to warm them and the house even closed; he thought also of the teacher, who would expect to find everything in proper order; therefore the little fellow did not know what to do. As he stood thinking for a short time, it flashed into his mind that the Lord might possibly help him to open the door. He had learned that the Lord would answer prayer. Soon he prayed, "O Lord, help me to open this door." He tried the key once more, and it turned the lock. He felt very happy because the Lord had helped him to open the door.

This should be a lesson to us all that when we do not know what to do, we can ask the Lord to help us.

Stealing a Ride

A FEW months ago, while a large steamer was in the harbor at Yokohama, Japan, many people were bidding farewell to friends, and some of them went aboard the ship to give a last farewell greeting. During this time a young man went aboard, and when the whistle blew, and the gong sounded for all except passengers to get off the ship, this young man hid himself somewhere in the ship, intending to steal a ride to Honolulu or America. The ship was bound for San Francisco, Cal., across the Pacific Ocean. Soon the great vessel began to move out of the harbor, and was on its way out into the waters of the Pacific.

At that time there was war between Russia and Japan, and the day before some Russian men-of-war vessels had been sighted, passing the straits some distance away. After sailing for two or three hours, our ship suddenly stopped, the whistles began to sound shrill and loud. The passengers could not imagine the cause of all this. After the signal whistles had ceased for a few minutes, they again blew loud and long. Those who had spy-glasses were looking out into the distance to see if any war-vessels could be sighted. Some one shouted that a vessel was sighted many miles away. Some supposed that our vessel had been halted by this other one. The officers would not inform the passengers of the cause of the trouble, but assured them there was no danger.

It was not long after the signal-whistle until a small vessel was seen coming toward the ship. As it came alongside our ship, some officers brought this young man upon the deck, let down a ladder, and required him to climb down the ladder into the small vessel. When he was thus brought out before the passengers, they knew at once the cause of the stopping of the ship.

This young man was called a stowaway. When he was found, he tried at first to make the purser, who was taking up the tickets, believe

that he was a passenger; but he was soon detected as being a stowaway, or one who was stealing a ride. The other officers of the ship were soon informed, and this was the cause of the stopping of the ship.

The officer on the small steamer took him in charge and started back to Yokohama, where, they said, he would be put in prison, and be taken into court, and there receive a sentence of punishment for such an act. Had he worked and earned money to take the ride honestly, there would have been no trouble. There is a passage of Scripture which says, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

An Imperishable Deed

A LITTLE girl, whose mother was a widow and was ill, stopped a young man on the street and begged him to buy some of her chestnuts. He was very poor, but could not withstand her pitiful look. He handed her a coin, saying, "I can not use your chestnuts, but you are welcome to this." The little girl thanked him and hurried away. Twenty years passed. The little girl grew to womanhood and became the wife of a great banker. Passing the library one evening, she saw with her husband a man whom she recognized as the man who years before had assisted her. When he had gone, she inquired his errand. "He came to see if I would give him a vacant position in the bank." "Will you give it to him?" she asked. "I don't know," he replied. "I wish you would," she said, and then recited the story of her poverty and the man's generosity.

As the man sat that night beside the bed of his sick wife, a liveried servant brought him a note. "We shall not starve," he exclaimed to his wife; "I have the position." On opening the note he found enclosed a check for $250 with these words: "In grateful remembrance of a little silver piece a kind stranger gave the little chestnut-girl twenty years ago."

Reader, a good deed is never lost. Giving brings material prosperity to the giver. Jesus says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." —*Selected.*

How Willie's Foot was Healed

SOMEBODY has told the following story of a little boy named William Peters, who is nine years old and who lives in a small town in the State of Maine. One day while he was playing in the yard with other children, he stepped on a nail, and it ran into his foot, making a bad wound. A doctor took care of the injured foot the best he could, but it grew worse instead of better. The boy's father went to the city for a doctor, who said if they wished to save the boy's life, the foot would have to be taken off.

Of course, they thought it was better to have a lame boy than to lose their little Willie, and they planned a day to have the foot taken off; but Willie thought he could not stand having only one foot all his life. He was a Christian boy, and thought God might help him; so he prayed this prayer:

"O blessed Savior, the doctors can not save my poor foot, and I can not bear to have it taken off. If you were here on earth now, my papa would send to you, and you would lay your hand upon it and make it well; I know you would. O blessed Jesus, you can do it just as well as if you were here, can't you? And I know you will."

After this Willie was quiet and did not seem to dread the morrow when his foot was to be taken off.

The next day the doctor came to do it, but when the doctor looked at the foot he was very much surprized, and said it was much better and would not need to be taken off. Then the doctor asked what they had done to make it better. Willie looked up with a smiling face and said: "I asked Jesus to save my foot, and he did it. Don't you love him, doctor?"

By faith Willie's foot was healed, just as by faith the walls of Jericho fell. —*Selected.*

A Child's Prayer Answered

THIS is a true story of a little girl named Alice, who had been surrounded with plenty and had known no care until she was about eight years old. Then her father decided to go west and try a new country. Everything was sold except a good wagon and a fine team of horses. With these the father decided to travel through the country to the place where he wanted to go. He took with him his wife and five children. After a long, tiresome journey they reached their destination. The country, being new, was very thinly settled, and as only a few people lived there, few crops had been raised. Soon the money of the new-comers was gone, one of the horses died, and one adversity followed another. The first year there was a drouth. The next spring the father planted his crops, but it seemed as if there would be another drouth.

When the father came in one evening, he said, "If it doesn't rain soon, we won't raise anything this year, and we shall all starve."

Oh, how this touched the heart of Alice, who was next to the oldest of the children! By this time there was another baby brother. How

could she see these brothers and sisters whom she loved so dearly starve to death?

She went into a dark corner of the room and cried and prayed. Her mother had taught the children to pray that little prayer which begins, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but this time Alice prayed more than that.

When supper was ready the mother wanted to know where Alice was. She finally found her and asked what was the matter, but Alice would not tell, nor would she eat any supper. Anxiously she waited for the rest to go to bed so she could be alone. When they were at last in bed, she waited for them to go to sleep. All the family slept in one room. When all was quiet, she slipped out of bed.

She knelt by the side of the bed and began to pray. She asked God to let it rain so the children would not starve. While she prayed, a beautiful light brighter than that of diamonds came from heaven down to her bedside. It was like a shining path. Oh! how happy she was! She had asked the Lord for rain, and he was going to let it rain. She was so happy that she could scarcely keep still. She feared to make a noise that would awaken her father, for he was a very stern man and she was afraid of him.

She got in bed and listened for the raindrops. She knew it was going to rain. In a few minutes raindrops pattered on the roof. She was so happy she could scarcely contain herself. Finally, she went to sleep.

Next morning there was a surprize for her father. He wondered why it had rained when there was no sign of rain the evening before. Now there would be a crop and all would be well.

—*Mary Wiland.*

"Big James"

JAMES PATTERSON is the name that stands upon his tombstone, but he was better known in life as "Big James." He was a Scottish fisherman, a magnificent Titan of a man, with the gigantic bulk, the waving hair and streaming beard of the old vikings, an old man, and one of the grandest Christians I ever knew.

He sailed in the fishing-boat, *Pilgrim Fathers*. Among the crew was the very antithesis of Big James—a young man of thirty years of age, and one of the most blasphemous daredevils in the whole fleet—"Black Jock." And it was known all along the coast that for many years "Big James" had been seeking "to save the soul" of "Black Jock."

On the evening of the 16th of April, 1889, the old fishing-boat, *Pilgrim Fathers*, struck a reef on the Scottish coast and immediately went down. But the crew of seven men climbed out upon a neighboring rock. Their position was one of the utmost peril. The rock was only thirty yards from the shore, but a deep, impassable channel lay between. It was impossible from the situation for any boat to approach to their rescue. Darkness was falling, and a wild gale was rapidly rising. In addition to all this, although at the time of the accident the tide was at the ebb and the rock was exposed for several feet above water, the tide was now rising, and unless they were rescued within the hour every man would be swept to a watery grave.

A great crowd of people had gathered on the beach at the first news of the accident. But the gale defeated for a while all attempts at rescue. The life-boat was launched, but it was useless. Strong arms heaved life-lines, but the wind hurled them back in the men's faces. At last a rocket was fired with a line attached to it, and, amid loud cheering, the line fell across the rock, and one man was hauled through the surf. Another rocket was fired and another man was rescued, and

this was repeated until of the whole crew only two remained. These two were "Black Jock" and "Big James."

But time had been lost. The waves were washing across the surface of the rock. The men were on their faces, clutching the sharp edges with bleeding fingers. It was at this moment that the crowd saw the rope shoot into the air behind the screaming rocket once again and fall straight into the hands of the old man, "Big James." What a cheer went aloft! But it died away in dismay, for a large wave had smothered both the prostrate, clinging figures in a mass of foam. In a few seconds it had passed again. Then the grand old Christian rose; holding the rope with one hand, he raised his companion to his feet with the other, and, "Tak' the rope," said the old man, "and meet me up yonder—guid-by!" So saying, he thrust the rope into his companion's hands; and in another moment "Black Jock," a pale, changed man, was safe on shore.

"Big James" watched him until he landed. Several waves struck him; but by a miracle he recovered himself—until his companion was safe. Then he turned to face the wide sea. He clasped his hands above his head. A wave struck him. He staggered. "Come quickly, Lord Jesus!" he cried in a loud voice. There was a rush of white water, and "Big James" had gone to his Savior!

—From "*True Stories of Heroic Lives.*"

Saved by Kneeling

HUMBLE people are saved from many of the evils that overtake the proud-hearted, but a certain woman in Pittsburg, Pa., had, in a very strange way, a miraculous escape from death through praying.

It is recorded that on the third day of February, 1873, there were no less than six steam-boiler explosions in Syracuse, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg, causing the death of eighteen persons and the scalding and

wounding of forty-eight others, who were nearly all working-men. Sorrow and distress were thereby carried into many homes; but in the midst of calamity there was one instance in which the Lord stretched forth his hand in protection.

In Pittsburg the wife of one of the employees at the mill where the disaster occurred, when she heard the noise of the exploding boilers, was moved, it would seem, by some mighty impulse, and instantly she fell on her knees and commenced to pray. Just then a two hundred pound fragment of a boiler crashed through the room in the very place where her head would have been had she remained standing. Thus by a happy inspiration and a devoted act, her life was saved.

We know not how many dangers lurk in our way, and it is well for us to ever seek the protection of One who sees the dangers we do not see. Jesus says, "Men ought always to pray."

Once the writer was working at the bottom of an elevator-shaft, digging a foundation for an elevator that was to be placed in a building. Two men were hoisting heavy bundles of paper to the third floor from the first by a "rope and tackle." In some way a bundle of paper became loosened and went crashing down through the boards that covered the shaft-opening at the first floor.

I was just below. You know, perhaps, that bundles of paper are very solid and heavy. Had the bundle struck me, I might have been instantly killed. But God was there to protect. There was no time to escape. Down came the broken boards and the heavy bundle. Some fell in front of me, some to my right, and some to my left, and some perhaps behind me, but I escaped without a scratch. At that instant the Lord seemed very near to me. Praise his dear name! "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him" (Psa. 91:14).

—*Robert Rothman.*

A Little Russian Girl's Faithfulness

SOME years ago, when the light of the gospel first began to shine in dark Russia, among those who accepted it was a girl about eleven years old and her mother. They lived in one of the little villages in the southwestern part of the country. At that time religious freedom was not granted, and the state church, with the help of the government, persecuted the hypocrites, as the Christians were called, put them into prisons, separated children from their parents, and otherwise oppressed them. But most of them, having the burning love of Christ in their hearts, endured to the end.

This little girl's faith, love, and courage were an inspiration to many of the older ones, and she and her mother were real examples of Christianity.

A short time after becoming a Christian, her dear mother died and her father married again, bringing a step-mother into the home. Then the dark days began for our little friend. Although faithful and submissive to her new mother, she was often punished without cause, and compelled to do all kinds of hard work. Her step-sister also treated her very cruelly, even pinching her at times. Her father, though not opposed to her faith, did not seem to care how she was treated.

But our little Christian did not lose courage. Her trials and persecutions only made her cling closer to her Savior, whom she loved with all her heart. She eagerly waited for the time when she could go to meeting and sing and pray with others of God's children. The strain of hard work, however, was too much for her frail body, and she became very ill. The doctors said that there was no hope for her recovery. She felt that she would soon pass away from her trials and troubles to be with the Lord. When her brethren and sisters in the Lord visited her and tried to encourage her by telling her that she would soon recover and again go to meeting, she answered, "No, I want to go to

my Jesus; I want to be with him." All their encouragement seemed to avail nothing, and she continued to decline rapidly.

One day when the brethren and sisters were gathered in her room, her step-sister also being present, it seemed that she would not live very much longer. Although not able to speak in an audible voice, she praised the Lord and told them of his love and saving grace. At last she asked them to sing the song she loved so much—"There is a better land on high, beautiful land, beautiful land"—and while they were singing she quietly passed away. Her step-sister, touched by what she had witnessed, regretted her ill treatment of the child, was convicted of her sins, and fell on her knees crying to God for mercy and pardon, and the Lord saved her.

Children, do you think our little friend lived in vain? Be encouraged! If your parents, brothers, or sisters are not saved, you may be the means of winning them to Christ, if you live a true and faithful life. And if you are blessed by having Christian parents, how much more grateful you ought to be! —*H. Centz.*

Telegraph to Jesus

SEVERAL years ago I was traveling on a train in the West. Among the passengers in our car was a young mother traveling alone with her first baby. There was also a well-dressed woman with two children, the older a boy of about twelve years, and the younger a rollicking little chap of four. The latter was so clever and merry and restless that he attracted a great deal of attention.

At noon our train stopped at a station for dinner, and all the passengers except those who had lunch with them left the car.

A few minutes later the conductor came through and ordered us to move to the car forward, as the train was to be broken into sections.

After some switching about, our train was made up, and the bell began to ring as a signal to the absent passengers.

All at once we were startled by a loud scream, and turned to see the young mother rushing frantically through the car followed by the conductor and brakeman. She had left her sleeping baby and her luggage in the car we had formerly occupied, and had foolishly gone away to dinner without asking any one to watch the child. Consequently, in the hurried change of cars it had been unnoticed, and now car and baby were gone. Our train was held while trainmen and passengers hurried about searching for the lost child.

We were all much excited—none more so than the little four-year-old boy, who danced about and asked innumerable questions of every one. Finally, standing up in one of the foremost seats of the car, his cheeks flushed, his eyes shining with excitement, in an interval of silence, his clear baby voice floated down the car: "Why don't they telegraph to Jesus? Why don't they telegraph to Jesus? That's what I'd do if that baby was mine."

Tears started from my eyes at these words of childish wisdom. His faith had turned to the sure source of help and deliverance; and I do not doubt that many telegrams went up at once from that crowded car.

The baby was found and delivered to its mother, the trainmen returned to their posts, and our journey was resumed. But the seed sown by the wayside by a baby's hand had surely sprung up and brought forth fruit in more than one heart. —*Selected.*

Tragic End of Two Bird Families

THE first family I shall tell you about lived among the vines that surrounded our back porch. We watched Mrs. Robin as she carried her first mouthful of dried grass high up into the vines. Back and forth she went, each time carrying a little material to make up the

nest that was soon to be the home of her and her family. How she worked and hurried about, rounding the nest to suit her own idea of what a pretty home should be! Soon the nest was finished, and in a few days I noticed that a piece of old shingle had been placed against the south side of the nest as if for protection from the wind and rain. It hardly seemed possible that she could be so wise.

Well, you are wondering what came next. Three little blue eggs, of course; but alas! one fell to the cement porch and was broken. Day after day, week after week, the happy robin sat upon the remaining eggs, leaving only when she would become frightened at some one's near approach. Soon I noticed that she did not leave the nest so often, but faithfully stayed in her little home. And no wonder, for even before I was aware of it, she was the proud mother of two ugly, large-mouthed birdlings. How fast they grew! Before we knew it, they had outgrown their soft, woolly coats, and were actually trying to stretch themselves out of the nest, flapping their wings and trying to fly. It took many large worms for them, for oh, what an appetite they had! How they stretched their long necks and opened their big mouths when they saw Father or Mother Robin coming with nice fat worms!

I wish that I were able to say that the little robins learned to use their wings and soar high in the sky, delighting many with their happy songs; but alas! I can not. Just when they were nearly large enough to fly, they became frightened one day when the parent birds were away, and jumped from their nest to the ground. Try as we would to keep

them in their nest, they would not stay. Fearing that some animal would devour them during the night, we picked up the poor, little, helpless things and put them under the house. Next morning we hurried to see if they were still there, and they were. But farther and farther back under the house they went until they could be seen no longer. What became of them we were not able to learn. A cat may have eaten them; the mother bird may have found them and taken them away; they may have stayed under the house until they starved and died. One thing we noticed was that the mother never came back to her home in the vines. We were sorry to lose our little neighbors. Their empty nest among the vines often reminds us of our feathered friends.

The second family I wish to tell you about built their nest in the vines on our front porch a little later. This nest was higher up, and we had to climb in order to see into it. In the spring when the vines were trimmed, the old nest of the summer before was thrown away. Robin completed her new nest before we were aware of her plans. We did not see the eggs, as the nest was so high up; but when we saw the parent birds coming, first one then the other, with large worms in their mouths, our curiosity was aroused; so up we climbed. There were three hairy baby robins, so hungry that it kept both parents busy carrying worms to them.

One day we became anxious regarding the little birds' welfare. The parents seemed to stay away so long, and the babies were very hungry. They stretched their necks and opened their mouths again and again, but all in vain; for no one came to feed them. We went into the garden and dug some worms. One little bird ate two or three of these, but we could not get the others to open their mouths. That evening we were glad to see that the mother bird had returned to her nest.

A short time after our interesting experience in feeding the baby birds, something happened. During the night I was awakened by a

shrill cry! The birds were in trouble. What a loud, mournful cry! The next morning I hastened to the nest. All the birds were gone, as I had feared. We searched the ground for a trace of our feathered friends, but could find nothing to give us a clue of their fate. Could a snake have crawled up the vines? Could a cat or some other animal have devoured them? We can not say, but, as in the case of the other family of robins, the parent birds never returned to their nest. Bare and empty it hangs among the vines. No more chirping and twittering, no more calls from the mother bird to her mate, no more little mouths open to be fed. This family indeed had a sad end.

—*Agnes E. Tuttle.*

Experience with a Rattlesnake

ONE beautiful morning in the fall I was busily engaged in a garden near my home in Florida. I was picking up the bright yellow pumpkins, and laying them around on the stumps that they might ripen and sweeten. Picking up several small ones, I walked up to a certain stump to dispose of them. I had put only one down when I was startled by a very large rattlesnake. These snakes are known to be very poisonous. The moment I saw the reptile, it threw itself back and began to jar its rattles. I am sure it was not more than one foot from me. Instantly I jumped away, but God's strength was the means of getting me away before I was bitten.

After realizing that I had escaped from the hideous creature, I was filled with praise and thanks to God for saving me from such an awful death. By throwing some small stones or pebbles at the snake I succeeded in getting it in its coil. I did this so that it would not run away in the weeds and escape. Still watching it, I called to the house for

somebody to come and kill it. The men all being away from home, the responsibility fell on the lady with whom I lived.

In listening to my call she could catch the word "snake." After getting a shotgun, she could only find two shells, which were loaded with buckshot. Taking these, she came to where I was waiting. She loaded the gun and aimed at the snake, which was lying very still. But in shooting she missed it about six inches because she was very nervous and frightened. She tried the other shell and broke the snake's back about six inches from its head. Thus preventing it from traveling very far. We succeeded in killing the snake.

How I rejoiced that God had thus kept me from an awful fate!

—*Inez L. Lane.*

A Flower in Prison

A MAN named Charney was put in prison by Napoleon, the great French general and emperor, because he was thought to be an enemy to the government.

Charney walked about in the walled court day after day. One day he saw a little plant pushing up between the stones. How it came there he could not tell. Perhaps some one had carelessly dropped the seed. He watched it and cared for it the best he could. Shut within those walls, away from all his friends, not permitted to interest himself in reading or writing, he was glad to have this little living thing to watch over and love. It brought much cheer to him in his lonely hours. He observed this flower as he had never observed a flower before.

Soon little buds began to grow on the plant. They kept growing larger and larger. Anxiously Charney awaited the time when they should open. He did not know the name of the plant. Finally the

blossoms appeared. What pretty flowers they were! They had three colors—white, purple, and rose-color; and there was a delicate silvery fringe all around the edge. Never had any flowers looked so beautiful to him as these.

Charney guarded his plant carefully. To protect it from the wind or from some careless footstep he built a framework over it of such things as he could get. One day there was a hail-storm. Charney went out and bent over his flower to protect it from the hail.

The plant was something more than a comfort and a pleasure to Charney. It taught him some things that he did not know before, although he was a wise man. When he went into the prison, he did not believe that there is a God, but as he watched his beloved flower, its opening beauties told him that there is a God. He felt that none but God could make that flower. He said that that flower had taught him more than he had learned from the wise men of earth.

A time came when the plant looked as if it were going to die. Charney felt very sad. He wished that he might take away the stones and loosen the earth around it. This he could not do without permission. Now, an Italian girl came once in a while to visit a certain prisoner. She was much impressed with the tender care Charney took of his plant. She managed to see the Empress Josephine and told her about it. Charney was given permission to do with the plant as he wished, and soon it was as bright as ever.

Josephine was a lover of flowers. So she took an interest in Charney. She inquired about him and then persuaded Napoleon to set him free.

When Charney left the prison, he took the plant with him to his home. He could not part with the sweet companion that had cheered him in his lonely prison life, had taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means of setting him free.

Saved from Wolves

IN THE town of Plattville, Colo., there lived, some years ago, a girl named Sutherland, aged about nine years. Near her home were large forests in which fierce wolves roamed and sought their prey. Perhaps you know that wolves are fearful animals to meet, especially when there are a number of them together. Often they attack travelers.

This little girl one day went with her father to the woods to find the cattle. She was told to follow the calves home while her father continued his search for the cows. In some way the calves misled her, and very soon she became aware of the fact that she was lost. Night came on, and with it the cold of November and the dreaded wolves.

The next day, Sunday, at ten in the morning, it is told, she reached the home of John Beebe, near a place called Evans, having traveled constantly eighteen hours and a distance of not less than twenty-five miles. All night the wolves growled around her, but harmed her not; neither was she in the least frightened by them. In ordinary cases fierce packs of blood-thirsty wolves would devour a man and even a horse. But this little girl was invincible in her simple, trusting faith.

The narrative states: "She said that the wolves kept close to her heels and snapped at her feet; but her mother had told her that if she was good the Lord would always take care of her, and so she knew the wolves would not hurt her, because God wouldn't let them." The child was hunted for by a great number of people, and, when found, was restored in perfect health and soundness to her parents.

What a blessed faith that child had! It was in perfect accord with the promise of Jesus as recorded in Luke 10:19. Speaking to those who believed, he said, "Nothing shall by any means hurt you." To be sure, the Lord does not want us to be reckless and to expose ourselves; but if we should happen to get into a place of danger, let us pray and believe with all our heart that God will deliver us.

This little girl had it right when she knew that in order for her to be entitled to the Lord's protection she must be good. Let us be careful to do our part and then we can easily trust God to do his part.

It will strengthen your faith in the protecting power of God if you will read the experience of Daniel as given in the sixth chapter of the book of that name. This man of God had lived right, and the Lord saw fit to shut the mouths of the lions so they could do Daniel no harm. Daniel could say to the king: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt." Our God is great. —*Robert Rothman.*

A Young Heroine

THE Cubans were fighting for their independence. They desired to be freed from the Spanish yoke. Brave hearts were needed, and these were found in Cuba's men and boys—not only in these, but also in the mothers and daughters.

One of the most thrilling tales of heroism during the war was that of a twelve-year-old girl—Conchita.

General Gomez desired to unite the Cuban forces against the Spanish general, who had twenty-five hundred men. A young lieutenant—a boy in his teens—was ordered to ride to Colonel Pena, a distance of seventy miles, and tell him to bring his four hundred men without delay. The old general thought that with a thousand men he could stop the Spaniards. The lad rode all day as fast as his horse could carry him. Just at dusk he had the misfortune of running into a company of Spaniards, who were putting their horses out to graze. They fired at him and wounded him severely, but he managed to escape and ride to his home nine miles away. He arrived exhausted and covered with blood. His

kind mother and sisters dressed his wounds and stopped the blood while he told his mission and ordered a fresh horse saddled. The distracted mother begged him not to go, but he thought he must be true to his country.

A servant went to get the horse ready, but soon returned saying that the horse was gone. "What shall I do?" cried the brave boy. Just then the horse was seen speeding away in the Cuban twilight, and on his back was Conchita, the youngest sister of the boy. As horse and rider vanished in the gathering darkness, the family recognized her. A storm was gathering, and the mother called for her daughter to return, but on sped the young rider through the darkness. There was no one to send to bring her back, and the mother said, "It is for Cuba," and turned again to her wounded son.

Conchita had learned what her brother's message was, and without saying a word to any one she had slipped out and saddled the horse and started to Colonel Pena's camp, twelve miles distant.

She knew the road and the horse was fresh. She put the spurs on him and rode like the wind through the darkness. Soon the storm broke, and she was drenched and beaten down in her saddle by the downpour of rain and gusts of wind, and was blinded by the sheets of water that dashed before her face. Her hair hung in soaked masses about her shoulders, little rivulets trickling from each point. But the brave girl did not think of turning back.

She made the distance in record-breaking time. As Colonel Pena was about to turn in for the night, this soaked, drenched, panting little creature slipped from her horse almost into his hammock and said, "Please, Colonel Pena, General Gomez wants you and your men at Saratoga."

The startled colonel wondered at first whether this was a ghost, but after he had assured himself that it was a real live girl, he ordered out

his men. But instead of four hundred there were only thirty; the others had been sent to another place. The courage of the young heroine inspired the colonel and he set out with his small escort.

He took the blanket out of his hammock and wrapped the half-drowned little heroine in it, and placed her before him on his own saddle and carried her thus all the way to her home. The storm had ended and the stars were shining from the clear sky. Conchita was soon asleep in the land of dreams. The humble palm hut, Conchita's home, was reached by midnight. The clatter of hoofs on the midnight air had awakened the family. As the colonel lifted the child down, he addressed the mother and said, "Both your son and your daughter are worthy of Cuba."

Then off rode the colonel; and it was at the battle of Saratoga that General Gomez gave him the title, "The Fighting Colonel of Camaguey."

Saved by Mother's Prayers

RAY'S mother is a minister of the gospel, and one time while several miles from home holding a meeting, she was deeply impressed to pray God for the protection of her dear boy during her absence.

When she returned home, Ray said, "Mother, did you have any bad dreams about me while you were gone?" She replied, "No; but I have never prayed more earnestly for you than I did while there, and I felt that God heard my prayer."

Ray then related the sad experience he had had a few evenings before, while out with his companions.

They had gone to the river for a swim. Soon they were bantering each other to see who could dive to the bottom of the river, a handful of mud being the evidence of success. Ray was a good swimmer. He dived to the bottom and returned with the handful of mud, but, alas!

he had come up under a large raft of logs that lay on the side of the river. What was to be done now? Ray realized the situation was grave. He fought desperately for life, but in vain. He could find no way out from beneath the awful ledge of logs that seemed to cover him like a pall. After struggling for some time he lost all hope and began to swallow water as fast as he could, believing death to be inevitable. He was going down the last time—and his soul unsaved!

When the other boys saw that Ray did not come up again, they became frightened, and all ran away except one. There was only one brave, noble boy among Ray's companions, and this boy stayed by the river, determined to help Ray if he could. He was watching carefully all round him for some sign of his drowning friend. Suddenly a hand came up through an opening in the raft. He ran quickly to the opening and waited anxiously. In a short time Ray's head appeared above the water near the same place. Dewey quickly sprang to his rescue and caught him just as he was going down the last time. He dragged Ray from the river and then with a courageous heart set to work to bring him back to life, rolling him over the logs and rubbing him vigorously to produce circulation. Thus Ray's life was saved through the heroic efforts of his friend, in answer to his mother's prayer.

When the story was ended, the mother's heart was full of praise to God, and long will she hold in loving remembrance the heroic lad who was instrumental in saving her boy's life. —*Pina Winters.*

A Courageous Boy

THERE lived in one of the Eastern States a man and his wife and one child, a little boy of seven years. These parents were Christians, and they strove to bring up their little boy to fear and love the Lord and to be a good citizen of his country.

Last Fourth of July this little family went on a crowded excursion-

train to attend a large camp-meeting in a Southern State. Their train unfortunately ran into a heavy freight, and many of the passengers were killed and others seriously injured. Among the killed were the father and mother of this little boy, whose name was Wayne.

As soon as possible after the terrible accident, kind-hearted men and women came to the rescue of these unfortunate passengers, helping them out of the ruins of the heavy cars. They found poor little Wayne pinned under a heavy piece of timber with one arm torn off at the shoulder and his skull fractured and side crushed. Yet the brave little fellow said, "I am not hurt much; please get my papa and mama out first." They did not consider it wise to tell him yet that they were dead, but proceeded to help him out as tenderly as possible.

When he was released from all the debris, he was so weak from his serious injuries and great loss of blood that they feared he would soon die. They offered him some whisky, thinking it would revive him, but he steadily refused to touch it. Then they insisted, but he bravely said: "I will die before I will drink it. My father and mother do not drink it, and I will not." How noble of one so young to have such regard for his parents' careful training and godly example. When so near death he would not taste liquor even though it might save his life.

Wayne was taken to a hospital, and in six days afterward was visited by his uncle, who found him to be rapidly recovering. He did not know as yet the fate of his dear parents, but was now told by his uncle that they were in heaven. His little chest heaved and his weak frame shook with emotion, but the brave little fellow said never a word. His parents had taught him to love Jesus, and he really loved him so that he did not complain when Providence took his own parents to be with Jesus forever.

What a dowry these parents left their little son! Though they may not have left him much of this world's goods, yet they had taught him

to remember his Creator in the days of his youth. Though he was left without father or mother or brother or sister and with but one arm to face the battles of life, yet if God be for him, who can be against him?

Wayne has now gone to live with his grandparents in Michigan, who we hope will live such godly lives before him that he will be constrained never to forsake the Lord whom he learned so early in childhood to love. —*Eva M. Wray.*

The Match-Box Services

IN A CERTAIN small city live two Christian girls who are loved by all who know them because of their pure and noble characters. For several years they tenderly cared for their aged mother. One day her heavenly Father called her to her eternal home. Now the two sisters live alone. How lonely they often feel and how often they ask the Lord to make them happy and useful!

For seven years these two girls have done all they could to increase the attendance in their little Sunday-school. In spite of their diligent efforts it seemed hard to get new ones interested in their work. This, however, did not discourage them. They kept on trying. Sunday after Sunday found them in the little place of meeting. Some one said the little room reminded him of a match-box, and others called their services the match-box worship.

Sometimes only a few children came to Sunday-school. One time a minister came and preached to the congregation, which consisted of only seven small children. These girls were thankful for even that number, and did not complain in the least. Do you not think it was because they felt the satisfaction of having done their best?

Time went on. They asked the Lord to prepare a way for a series of meetings to be conducted in their city. By and by the way opened, and a successful meeting was held. How they thanked God when he really answered their prayer! The two sisters did all they could to get the people to attend. The people in due respect began to attend the meeting. Often the large tent was crowded, and, best of all, several souls were saved.

"What about the Sunday-school now?" inquired an interested friend.

"Oh, the match-box would not hold the eager boys and girls. It was too crowded. They sought larger quarters. And now," continued the speaker, "they occupy a nice hall in the main part of the city, and every Sunday many hearts are made glad when they study the beautiful lessons from God's Word."

How did it all come about? and why does the story end so beautifully? It is hard to answer—because of the love and faithfulness manifested in the lives of these two Christian girls. —*Ada Pope.*

A Mother of Pioneer Days

IN MONTANA, during the seventies, a pioneer family lived in a log hut near the foot of the hill, over which the winding road led toward the Oregon country. The name of this family was Wade, and Mr. Wade was commonly called "Jimmy," and for some reason Mrs. Wade was called "Mrs. Jimmy."

"Mrs. Jimmy," having an unusual fund of good nature, was called the "sunshine of Kalispel Trail." The first government custodian of Yellowstone Park said of her:

"The meanest grizzly that ever crossed the Divide would have to laugh if it saw the smiling face of Mrs. Jimmy."

Past the Wade home ran the trails towards the West. Heavy freighting teams driven by rough men, outfits of new settlers, and bands of Indians were constantly passing.

In those days it seemed to be the general idea that horses and oxen could not be driven without extreme brutality. The pioneer family was witness to much of this, for at a heavy grade on the trail near the Wade home the overdriven animals suffered terribly at the hands of cruel, cursing drivers.

"Some of the scenes," said the twelve-year-old son of this pioneer family, "were terrible, and many a time I have seen my usually sweet-tempered mother clench her hands and her eyes fill with tears because of the sights we had to witness."

One day when an overloaded sixmule team was being treated with exceptional brutality, the pioneer mother walked down to the trail and said to the head driver:

"I want that to stop. You take the mules out, rub them down, feed and rest them, and they'll make the grade all right."

The man, being angry, uttered an oath and told the woman to go back and mind her own affairs. She turned quickly, went back to the house, secured the repeating rifle, and returned.

"Now," said she, "the first man that strikes a mule again I'll shoot. If you want to rest the animals, my boys will help you; but beat them, you can't. Rest them or fight."

The driver hesitated, then began to laugh. The pluck of Mrs. Jimmy had touched a better side of his nature. Mrs. Wade called her two boys, who helped unhitch the mules. After a rest and feed the mules took up their burden with ease.

The word went along the trail that Mrs. Jimmy had started a school for unfeeling drivers.

In a short time this sign appeared at the foot of the troublesome grade:

REST YOUR TEAMS HERE BEFORE
TRYING GRADE. BE MERCIFUL.

A few cowboys vowed they would shoot this sign full of holes; but, singularly enough, it was the teamsters who told them that there would be a row if they touched it.

Now, that the teamsters had begun to heed Mrs. Jimmy, she had the children carry fresh water to the grade for the weary travelers. When her stock of provisions was good, she would make panfuls of cookies, and these would be passed among the drivers and emigrants.

One day a driver came up to the house and said that one of his comrades was very sick. Mrs. Wade hastened down to the wagon-trail and found the man in the last stages of consumption and dying. It was very evident that he could live but a short time. He knew Mrs. Wade, as he had been one of the teamsters whom she had induced to quit cursing and beating his animals.

His companions had laid him in the shade of a wagon and propped up his head with a saddle and blankets. The mother knelt beside him, and the boys stood back of her. All about them stretched the rough plain, and in the distance was the line of the mountains.

"D'ye think, Mrs. Jimmy," gasped the man, "God'll give me a square deal when I get over the 'Divide'?"

"He's square with everybody," whispered the mother, and she began to sing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

The poor man soon closed his eyes and passed over the "Great Divide," and was buried that evening on a grassy slope near the trail, Mrs. Wade conducting the services.

The respect of the rough men of the frontier for Mrs. Wade grew with the months, and one of the drivers was heard to remark: "I stop cussing an' all foolishness when I get within five miles of Mrs. Jimmy's shack." —*Wm. A. Bixler.*

Topsy

TOPSY was a white angora goat that lived on a ranch in beautiful southern California. Her company consisted of two large goats and some little ones. Two of the little ones were Topsy's own dear babies.

Topsy liked her home, liked the company of the goats, and she dearly loved her little kids; but poor Topsy could not enjoy these things. She must be useful, and it was to be at a great sacrifice to herself.

A dear, sick girl lived in the mountains, and Topsy must go to be a benefit to her. Do you wonder how Topsy could be beneficial to a sick girl? Well, it was in this way: There was no cow on the mountain to furnish milk, and as goats' milk is considered excellent food for invalids and infants, Topsy was purchased for the purpose of providing milk.

Poor Topsy! This was a sad time for her and for the little kids. When they saw their mama leaving, they cried as plaintively as little human babies, and sounded so much like them that you would have almost believed they were if you had heard but not seen them. Topsy

answered by blatting piteously, but it was of no avail, for she had to go, never to see them again.

The long journey and the trip up the mountain were very tiresome, but the separation from her old home and her little ones was worse than all else. All night she called longingly, hoping her babies might in some way hear and come to her. But as human beings can forget, so animals can forget easier, and after a time Topsy ceased to call for her kids and became well contented.

Topsy's stay on the mountain was not very long, but while there she had several interesting experiences. Her first was the milking-time. She had never been milked, and did not like this experience at all. She behaved so badly that it took two people each time—one to hold her head and one to milk her. This continued for some time until one day when Topsy's master was gone her mistress decided to see what a little switch would do toward making her stand still. It worked like a charm, and she learned her lesson sooner than some boys and girls do theirs. Ever after that she needed only to see the switch or to receive a slight tap, and she was alert at once and ready for obedience.

Perhaps some one does not know what goats like to eat. Their tastes are very strange. Many times Topsy would pass by a lovely clover-patch without touching it and go on to feed upon weeds and brush. She liked buds and leaves also, and was very fond of oranges. She would even make part of a meal at the woodpile on dry twigs and bark, or wandering around, would discover choice bits of paper and rags and eat them with apparent relish.

For fear Topsy might wander away and be lost she was kept tied with a rope. But she often took walks with the family and seemed to enjoy them very much. One day her young mistress accidentally let go of the rope, and Topsy went scampering away among the cacti. This so frightened her mistress, who feared Topsy would run away, that she followed after in swift pursuit, catching the rope and being dragged cruelly into the cactus thorns. Topsy meant no harm by this, however; she desired only a little chase for fun like any boy or girl. She proved

she did not mean to run away, so after this she was allowed more liberty.

But sometimes she abused her liberty and stole into the house uninvited. She had found where the wheat was kept, and since she liked wheat very much, she always ran first for the wheat-sack and would eat just as greedily of the wheat as she could. One day she found the flour instead of the wheat, but this was not so easily eaten as wheat. On being driven away, she presented a funny sight! The flour formed dough in her mouth and stuck in her jaws, and her face was white with the flour. It seemed she ought to laugh with the rest, it was so amusing.

Sometimes Topsy was invited into the house for a few minutes to see the sick girl; but even then she was not as well behaved as she should have been. If not watched, she would eat the beautiful roses out of the vase or put her fore feet on the table to see if there was anything there that she would like.

The higher goats can climb, the better pleased they are, and Topsy was not unlike her kind in this respect. Often she would climb upon a pile of stones lying in the back yard and feed around and over these stones, then lie down to rest on her hard bed and placidly chew her cud.

After a time the family moved from the mountain, and Topsy, of course, went too. She was led for a distance, but not being able to go fast enough, she was then put into the front of the carriage, where she rode on to her destination in state. Strange as it may seem, Topsy after this really appeared more independent and hard to manage. Whether it is possible that this ride could have had any such an effect upon her, I can not say; but many people, whom Jesus likens to goats, do become independent and haughty when a little honor or favor is bestowed upon them. It is a very foolish thing to do, for temporal advantages can not really exalt us. True exaltation and worth are in character, not in position.

As it is necessary for people to be clean, so all pets also should be clean. Topsy's young mistress decided that her pet must have a bath, but the bath was given quite differently from the way you take yours.

Topsy was tied close to a stake so she could move but little, and then the hose was turned on her. Topsy could not understand the cause for this apparently cruel treatment, and so she tried hard to get away. But that was useless. She did not know, as we do, that what we can not change we should patiently endure.

After the bath she was tied behind one of the tents. By and by her mistress came into the house crying, for Topsy was nowhere to be seen. Every one turned out to look for the lost pet. Some one suggested, "Perhaps she is in the tent." Sure enough, that is where they found her. Surely she did not know that it is customary to go to bed after taking a bath, but this is what she had done. There on one of the beds in the tent she had curled up and was resting as sweetly and contentedly as a child.

After a time Topsy was taken to a camp-meeting. Her master and the family went, and Topsy could not be left at home alone. She did not have a very pleasant time at the camp-meeting. Her pasture was full of burrs, which became entangled in her long white wool and scratched her severely. Some bad boys tried their skill in throwing stones at her, and were all too true in hitting their mark. Some boys think this kind of sport is fun, but it is cruel, as well as degrading to their own character.

Although the family were very sorry to part with their pet, it became necessary that Topsy change masters and take another journey. She was put into a crate on a hot summer day and sent to the station with the baggage that went from the camp-meeting. Poor Topsy! she became very warm and thirsty in the hot sun. A friendly man, seeing her distress, tried to give her a drink of water. Surely that was a good deed. God, who is kind and pitiful toward all his creatures, desires that we too should be. Some people think they can be manly or even Christ-like and yet be abusive to their dumb animals, mercilessly beating or thoughtlessly and selfishly neglecting them. God's Word says, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." He cares for his animals not alone because there is more profit to him, but because he has a

kind heart and desires to prevent any needless suffering. In Topsy's new home, her master and mistress were very kind to her; but as they had no children, she missed her former playmates. One day she saw a young girl going by whom she thought was her mistress. Topsy called longingly to her, but the girl did not know her and did not understand what she wanted.

Near her new home was a ditch in which tender brush and weeds grew that very much suited Topsy's taste. The ditch, however, was too deep for her to climb out of alone; so when she was ready to come out, she always called for help. Her master then would go to her and, taking hold of the chain fastened about her neck, would give a sharp pull, and with a strong leap Topsy was out on the bank.

When she was led to the stable, if the door happened to be closed she would wait a moment to see if her master would open it; if he did not do so at once, she would butt it gently with her head. "That is not hard enough, Topsy," her master would say, and she would step back a few feet and give it a hard butt. Then, of course, she was always let in.

In a part of the city distant from where Topsy lived was a boy who was pining away with sickness. Topsy was wanted at that home, and although her friends had become greatly attached to her, they were willing to part with her for the sake of the sick one. This was hard for Topsy too, for she could not understand why she must so often leave just when she had learned to love her new friends. Never mind, Topsy; people too have disappointments, and must learn to submit when they can not understand. All useful lives are lives of self-sacrifice. Although you are only a dumb animal, Topsy, you have been faithful, good, and useful, and we love you. Continue to be so, and you will be loved everywhere you go.

—*Anna M. Greeley.*

Where Was Jack?

ONE morning when Frank and I were roaming about the woods, we came upon a woodchuck's hole, near an old hollow tree. After a great deal of vigorous digging, we brought out a little baby woodchuck, which did not have its eyes open. Frank put it in his coat, at the same time remarking, "Our old Tabby shall have a nice dinner today of woodchuck."

I began to wish something would happen to prevent Tabby from having such a dinner as Frank intended, for I had already begun to love the little creature; its fur was so soft and brown and it seemed so helpless.

Frank was my cousin, whom I was visiting, and as he was older, I disliked very much to ask him not to give it to the cat. Besides, on one occasion, when I had tried to protect a kitten the boys were abusing, Frank said that he wished I was not so much like a girl. But since then I have learned that being kind to the helpless and unprotected is a mark of manliness. We have such a character in Abraham Lincoln, who on one occasion spoiled a new suit of clothes by helping a poor struggling pig out of the mud. And men who have been most revered in history have been most tender to the unfortunate.

But I did not know these things then, and I could only pray as we neared the house that something would save the life of the baby woodchuck.

We found old Tabby feeding her kittens and Frank placed the woodchuck beside her. But to our surprize, old Tabby began to caress it, and then feed it. We were so much amused that we allowed her to mother it for a week, and, in the meantime, we named it Jack.

When my visit was over and I had to return home, I begged Frank to give Jack to me, which he reluctantly consented to do.

I took him home, made a large box for him, and put wire netting at the sides. I had to feed him with a spoon, and as soon as his eyes were open, he would sit up and hold the spoon in both little paws, and

eat bread and milk. Sometimes I would let him out, and he would caper about the house in high glee. His special delight was turning somersaults, which he would do constantly for ten minutes. Then he would whirl himself about the rung of a chair so rapidly that he looked like a little gray ball. After these exercises he would flatten himself out on the floor as if dead, very much resembling a small fur rug.

Jack was very fond of me, and when I returned after an absence he would frisk about me, and seem very happy, and wanted all of my attention.

I kept him in his box most of the time, but he so often gnawed his way out that I lined the box with tin.

In the fall Jack grew very restless, and one day we missed him. "Where is Jack?" Everybody asked the question, but no one knew how to answer it. Jack had never been away from home, and there had been no opportunity for any one to steal him. Then, what had become of him? It was indeed a mystery. There was nothing else missing than an old sunbonnet and apron which had hung in the cellar-way. I mourned and mourned for Jack, because I had a great affection for him. And so the months passed by until February came.

One day when I came home from school, who was sitting on the porch to greet me but a thin little Jack! Where do you suppose he had been all this time? Well, Jack had burrowed a hole under the cellar wall and lined his winter's nest with the sunbonnet and apron, and there he had lived until February. During the summer he grew fat and at times was very cross. If he heard a dog bark he would run to me in fear, but he had a warm affection for the cat.

That fall Jack disappeared again. We did not know where he had burrowed until spring, when he came out from the house of one of the neighbors.

In my absence from home a bad boy teased him so much that he became very cross and bit several people. I was very sorry Jack manifested such a spirit. He grew worse as the weather grew warmer, and nearly every one was afraid of him.

How well I remember the day father said, "Jack must die." Father placed him in a large boot and chloroformed him. It was an easy death. We had him stuffed, and he now sits under the piano, almost lifelike. —*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

An Odd Pet

IT IS surely a far cry from a chicken to a toad—the little, fluffy ball of feathers, so alert or peeping cunningly out from under the sheltering wing of the mother hen; and the other, squatting so demurely in the shade of the plaintain leaf, its warty, brown back scarcely noticeable, the wink of its brilliant eye being by far its most attractive feature to the ordinary observer. And yet this useful reptile has been made a pet.

A little boy, who was much alone and who took a great deal of interest in all animated nature, observed, one summer day, a toad catching flies. It was by mere accident that he discovered that this was its occupation. A beetle had approached the toad, and in an instant had disappeared. At the same time he noticed that the toad was swallowing something, and he at once reached the conclusion that the beetle was furnishing a meal for the toad. He waited to see the operation repeated; but, as no fly or beetle came near to assist the young naturalist in his investigations, he hit upon a plan that not only helped in his search for knowledge, but furnished a meal for the toad, and gave him a pet the most unique. Observing a number of bluebottle flies gathered on a window, he caught one and attached it to a very fine thread and fastened it to a stick, like a fisherman's rod and line. He let it down close to the toad's mouth. In an instant he felt a pull on the thread and the fly was gone, but, with the exception of a slight movement in the toad's throat, he saw nothing. The experiment was repeated many times with the same result. Each time that he brought a fly, he whistled to attract attention.

The next morning he looked for the toad, which he had named Ned. It was not in the same place as yesterday, but the boy remembered it was attracted by the whistle, and so he stood and called in that way, and, strange as it may appear, Ned came hopping toward him and received what flies had been caught for his breakfast. The intimacy thus begun ripened into friendship. Ned grew, and would always come when he heard the whistle, and soon learned to take his food without having it attached to a thread.

Nor was the boy long in discovering that the toad, though so quiet and apparently lazy, could hop a yard at a spring, and quickly repeat it if necessary. But this was by no means the most interesting feature of his new-made acquaintance. When an insect that he desired to capture came within reach, he darted out his tongue, covered with a glutinous matter, with such celerity and returned it to his mouth so quickly that it required the closest observation to detect the movement.

Ned's Appreciation of Kindness

NED came to live in our home when he was very little and young and unimportant, we all thought; but we learned to love him because of his trust and confidence in us, and we soon considered him one of our most interesting pets even if he was only a small Maltese kitty.

His perfect trust in humankind was beautiful to see.

Brother and I were picking apples one day, and Ned would climb up in the tree and let us place him in a basket and lower him to the ground many feet below by the aid of a rope, and he seemed to enjoy it.

But the purpose of this story is to tell of his appreciation of kindness. I wonder as I write if all the boys and girls who read The Shining Light have as large an amount of that quality accordingly as he had.

One day not long after he came to live with us, a strange dog frightened him into a wood near by, and there he climbed up a very slender

tree perhaps thirty feet or more. He was so frightened that he was afraid to come down. This was early in the afternoon, and he remained there till after dark. When I returned from work, I could hear his pitiful mews, and when Mother told me he was missing, I started to his rescue. I soon found him as I have already described.

I supposed he would be more frightened than ever if I climbed the tree, but it was the only thing to do. So up I went. When I came near, he did seem somewhat frightened, but was soon willing to let go with his paws and sit on my shoulder, and we started down. When we came near the ground, he jumped off my shoulder, and I thought he would run on home, but he stayed till I came down. Then he rubbed against my feet and purred as though his little heart would sing itself out for joy. I thought it was the most beautiful "Thank you" I had ever heard.

Ned afterward became larger and was a useful cat, and when we sold our home to remove to a Western State, it was a source of real sorrow that we had to leave him at the old place.

—*Thadd Mundell.*

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